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THE BALLET DANCER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

You people who, in quiet way,
Pass through the shifting scenes of life,
Who in your eyes your thoughts display,
Have little knowledge of the strife
Required to keep the spirits up—
By those whose duty 'tis to please,—
When to their lips comes Sorrow's cup,
And when their minds are ill at ease.

You saw the ballet girls last night;
They moved with an elastic tread,
And scarce it seemed—they looked so bright—
That they but sought to earn their bread.
Amongst the girls was one I knew,
And (seeking to make the matter brief)
Her story I will tell to you—
'Twill show how art may bury grief.

In pleasant ways her early days
Were spent; misfortune came at last;
Her father died, and, on the world,
She, helpless, penniless was cast.
A mother's loving care remained
To light the elsewhere darkened page,
And soon the fair girl's skill had gained
A small position on the stage:

A *ballet* dancer's place; the pay
Was a mere trifle, but the poor
Must *earn* the wages that drives away
The wolf who always haunts their door.
A little sum: the manager
Was worth a million, so they said;
But not a thought he gave to *her*;
He never knew what tears she shed.

Of course at such a place the girls
Were duly stared at and admired,
And our friend Mabel's form, and curls,
And face, full many a youngster fired;
And though she, as in duty bound,
Cast smiles upon each ardent youth,
On close acquaintanceship they found
Her firm in virtue, brave in truth.

Her mother's face by slow degrees
Had very thin and pallid grown,
Till 'twas apparent that disease
And death had claimed her for their own.
And one cold, stormy, winter day,
A chill across her frame did creep,
And then she put life's cares away
And closed her eyes and went to sleep.

And Mabel, bending o'er the bed,
Saw, through her sorrow and despair,
A mirrored City of the Dead,
And half she wished that she was there.
But that same night she came to dance,
And those who gazed on her the while
Thought merriment was in her glance,
And *took* the counterfeited smile.

Now you who in a quiet way
Pass through the shifting scenes of life,
Who in your eyes your thoughts display,
Can barely picture out the strife
Required to keep the spirits up—
By those whose duty 'tis to please—
When to their lips come Sorrow's cup,
And when their minds are ill at ease.

MISS EMMA MADDERN. COMEDIENNE. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

THE WHITE HAND;

OR,

THE JEWELED SNAKE.

PART THE FIRST.

THE POST-MORTEM MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"Who was that?"

"His name is Doubledick—Dick Doubledick, I think he was called. It's a funny name. He was something in the circus way—a clown, or something of that sort. Graveling too, I recollect, was in that way once. I have heard the children were brought up as acrobats at one time."

"And where should I stand a chance of finding this Dick Doubledick?"

"If he is still in the show business, you might hear of him at Greenwich; a good many show people have their quarters there. By a few inquiries you can easily find out their whereabouts."

"I will try. My best thanks for your information."

The journey to Greenwich was accomplished without loss of time, and a weary tramp up and down all the back streets led, just at the last moment, when Ralph was about to give up the business as a bad job, to the discovery of some one who had some surprising information to impart.

"Dick Doubledick?" said the person; "if I didn't know him I ought to."

"How so?"

"If an old seafaring gent's worrying the very life out of one with a thousand questions about it ain't enough to make one know the name, I'd like to know what is."

"I don't understand what you mean."

"Well, what I mean is this—you're not the first party that's been here after him. There was a Captain Weathercock, or something of that sort, here yesterday."

"Wetherwell?"

"I think it was. Man about sixty, large gray whiskers. Do you know him?"

"A little. What did he want?"

"He wanted Doubledick, but he did not say why. He wanted him very bad, it would seem, and had taken a mighty lot of trouble to find him. I hope he will, that's all. I did what I could do, and what I'll do for you—that is, I gave him Doubledick's address at Manchester, where he now is with Ryder's Circus; and if you've no objection, I've had quite enough of Doubledick for a day or two, and don't want to be bothered any more."

The plot was thickening. Why on earth was Captain Wetherwell—and Wetherwell it must be—looking for Doubledick?

"I'll start the first thing to-morrow morning," said Ralph to himself. "Grace and I might as well go together for a little trip."

Unfortunately this plan of action could not be carried out. When he returned home late in the afternoon he found that Grace was ill and had gone to bed.

"I shall be better for a good sleep," she said. "You must promise me not to distress yourself on my account. Have dinner the same as usual, and do not think of coming to watch by my bedside, because I could not sleep if you did so."

This arrangement was far from satisfactory to Ralph's way of thinking, and his lonely dinner was a gloomy enough meal—eaten as it was in a large, bare-looking room, in the presence of a grim and silent waiter, who glided like a ghost to his side, and spoke in a graveyard whisper of the dishes to come. When dinner was over he hurried up stairs, and entering the bedroom cautiously, found that Grace was asleep. He would not awaken her, but took a seat in front of a fire, which had been lighted by his orders, and thinking that the candle-light might annoy the patient, extinguished it, and stirring the fire as noiselessly as possible, tried to amuse himself by reading by the firelight. At the best of times he was no great book-lover, and the effects of the fire, the dinner and the long walk very soon began to tell upon him, and he let his book fall and nodded his head. He was fast asleep before long, and, lying in an extremely uncomfortable attitude, naturally enough began to dream.

* * * * * * * * *

He dreamt that he lay by his wife's side, and awaking found that she was cold and dead. In a tremble of excitement, and with large drops of perspiration on his forehead, he awoke, and sat up and listened. The room was very still. The fire had burnt low. Through an opening in the half-drawn window curtains the moonlight streamed in upon the bed. He started up and advanced towards the spot where his wife was lying. Her hand lay upon the coverlet, and on it the moonlight fell. He raised it gently, but its icy touch chilled to his blood, and slipping through his fingers it fell back heavily. For a moment his heart seemed to stand still in his sickening terror, for he thought her dead. But the next the sleeping woman had struggled into an upright posture, and with her loose hair flowing wildly over her shoulders, with distended eyes and naked arms gleaming in the pale blue light, she shrieked out—

"Spare me! Spare me! Keep the money! Spare me!"

"My darling!" he cried, and caught her in his arms. "What has happened? What has frightened you?"

She recovered herself presently, and was sobbing on his breast.

"I was dreaming," she said. "I—I thought you were a robber. How foolish of me! I think I must be very ill."

* * * * *

When morning came she was too ill to think of making the journey which Strangeways had proposed. Hearing this, Ralph said that he would abandon all idea of going himself. Deverel happening to look in, however, tried his best to persuade him not to lose the chance of finding the man of whom he was in search, and also of seeing his friend, the missing sea captain. To his persuasions Grace added hers. She would be quite well again by the evening, and by next morning at the latest Ralph could return. Decidedly he should not lose the opportunity. He agreed at last, and looked in the time-table. So much time had been lost that it was now impossible to call at the bank, as he had intended, to draw out a few pounds. He therefore took all the ready money he had, and borrowed five pounds of the landlord. Then it occurred to him, suppose Grace wanted something while he was away? She could not be left penniless. There was scarcely a moment to lose. He pulled out his cheque-book. Then tore out a leaf and signed it in blank.

"Fill it up, my darling," he said, "for what you want. Don't ruin me!" he added laughing.

"How am I to fill it?" she inquired: "and how much must I write for?"

"For what you like. If you asked for twenty pounds they would give it you. They'd give you the whole nine thousand without a question, for the matter of that. Only you won't want quite so much for a new bonnet if you buy one, will you?"

* * * * *

He found Ryder's Circus easily enough when he reached Manchester, and upon the threshold of the door came face to face with Captain Wetherwell.

The old man seemed dumbfoundered at the sight of him, and without speaking a word caught him by the arm and led him away.

"Thank God, you are here," he said, after a pause. "I was coming back to London in search of you to-night. My dear boy, this is a cruel business."

"Ralph's heart beat faster, but he said nothing. What on earth was going to happen next?

"My dear boy," the captain continued, "you may imagine how grieved I was when I heard of the poor young lady's death, and of the particulars concerning it. Until I saw you down here now, however, I had no idea that you had any notion of finding the murderer. That duty I took upon myself, for I was put upon his track by the strangest accident."

"Who are you talking of?" cried Ralph; "what are you talking about? Every word you utter is a riddle to me."

"Talking of!" gasped the captain; "what should I talk of but the death of your intended wife, Miss Grace Etheridge?"

"The death of Miss Grace Etheridge! Why, you're mad."

"Mad!"

"She's alive!"

"Alive! it is you who are mad, Strangeways: your grief has turned your brain. Come, come, let us talk calmly."

"I can't talk calmly: what in God's name do you mean?"

"I don't know what I mean. Perhaps I am dreaming," said the captain. "At any rate, I believe that the lady you intended to marry died eighteen months ago, and I have what I have hitherto looked upon as undoubted proofs of her decease."

"But she is not dead, and, furthermore, I have married her."

The captain's jaws fell open. After a long pause he said:—

"You could not marry a dead woman without knowing it, could you?"

CHAPTER X.

ON THE BRINK OF A DISCOVERY.

"What lies within?
Draw back the bolts!"

Could he have married a dead woman? The idea was monstrously absurd, and one reason only could account for Captain Wetherwell's asking for—he must have been mad. Yes, he was mad. Undoubtedly mad—as mad as a March hare. But he did not look it. That was the difficulty. He did not look at all like a lunatic, nor, indeed, did he talk like one when presently they began to talk; that is to say, his manner of speaking was sane enough in all conscience, though the matter was of the strangest. There was another view of the matter, though, which was not a very probable one. Had Wetherwell said what he had said for the purpose of annoying him? Was it meant for a joke? Some people in the joking way show so little taste.

"Wetherwell," said Ralph, taking his arm "come away from here. The people about are staring at us open-mouthed, as though we were a part of the show. Let us walk quietly along the street, and tell me what, in the name of Heaven, you mean!"

"What I mean?" replied the captain, gravely. "I must tell you somewhere else than in the open street. See, here is a respectable sort of tavern over the way; perhaps we can sit down there and talk."

They crossed the road as he spoke, and Wetherwell peeped in at the window.

"There is no one here in the parlor," he said; "let us go in."

They entered, gave an order, were supplied with drink, and left to themselves.

"And now for the explanation," said Ralph. "What's the particular joke in all this?"

The Captain looked at him very steadily, and laid his hand gently upon his arm.

"There is some extraordinary mystery in all this," he said.

"There must be," replied Ralph, "and I am dying to hear a clue to it."

"In the first place, let me ask you a question."

"Certainly."

"You told me, to the best of my belief, that you were going to be married to a young lady called Miss Grace Etheridge?"

"I did."

"And that she lived at No. 29 Mortimer street, New-road?"

"I did, and you have a good memory, Captain."

"I have had more reason for recollecting the address than you can suppose at this moment."

"What other questions have you to ask?"

"One other only. You are married, you say?"

"I am."

"And to Miss Grace Etheridge?"

"Of course; to whom else should I be married?"

Captain Wetherwell leant back in his seat, and, taking off his hat, wiped his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief.

"I've asked all my questions now until I've told you my little tale, and then I think I may have to ask you another, which will probably be to this effect—What the deuce have I been doing this week past? and what on earth has possessed me that I should have been running about night and day to find out the murderer of a young lady who has never been murdered? And what the dickens put the notion into my stupid old head to interfere in a business which does not concern me in the slightest degree?"

"You're still talking riddles. Please leave of and tell me your story."

"I will. In the first place let me call certain circumstances to your remembrance. When we first landed in London, you proposed going to a certain city inn, kept by a certain pretty widow; and finding that the poor woman was dead, you suggested that we should go to some other place of my choosing."

"That is correct."

"The place that I chose was an hotel at which I have generally been in the habit of putting up at any time these fifteen years. It has more than once changed proprietors during that period, but I have always been well served, and so I go back to the old place."

Ralph fidgeted slightly. Was the short story going to prove a very long one? The captain seemed to notice his impatience.

"The interesting part is coming directly," said he; "I won't make a yarn of it. The reason I mentioned the fact of my frequently using the same house is this—it will account for the fact of an old friend of mine, in the seafaring way, who happened to hear of our ship having come in coming there to ask for me. My friend, Captain Dacre, had not been to sea for the last two years, having been kept a prisoner in London all the time by a long-winded and vexatious lawsuit. It was natural enough, then, that we should get talking about the great changes a year or two's absence makes, and then that we should talk of that affair of the inn, and I hope you will forgive me for mentioning your name. 'I have a friend who called over in my ship,' said I, 'who will be here presently, but is gone now to find his sweetheart, whom he left five long years ago in Mortimer street, New-road.' 'I don't know about his sweetheart, said my friend, 'but I know something else, and that is, he won't find Mortimer street.' 'Why not?' asked I. 'Because it's been pulled down, and there's not half a brick left standing.' 'Poor lad!' said I; 'he'll be sadly disappointed at that, and it'll make him late too, perhaps.' 'I knew a young lady once,' said my friend, 'who lived in that very street, who had a sweetheart who went away from England and died in Australia, and who is dead herself, poor thing, eighteen months ago.' 'I hope that's not the case with Miss Etheridge,' said I quite naturally, when, at the words, my friend let fall his cigar, and cried out: 'What's the name you said?' 'Grace Etheridge,' said I. 'Then by all that's holy, Grace Etheridge is the name of the young lady whom I knew and who is dead.'"

Ralph Strangeways, listening, grew very pale, and trembled in spite of himself.

"He was mad," he said after a pause, and then a bright idea occurring to him, "I see the whole affair now. It was not the same lady. There must have been two of the same name in the street."

"But the lady you knew lived at No. 29, did she not?"

"When I left England she did."

"The lady Captain Dacre knew lived at 29; the father of your Miss Etheridge is dead?"

"Yes."

"The father of Captain Dacre's Miss Etheridge was dead also; and he had been in the East India House."

"So was my wife's father. There can be little doubt about its being the same person of whom your friend was talking, though how on earth he could have come to the conclusion that she was dead I have not the remotest notion."

"He told me a story of the poverty and the sufferings of the two ladies, and how bravely they bore their trials. Also how a man who was a friend of the family befriended them, and how he brought them news of your death. How Miss Etheridge was taken ill on the receipt of the news, and how in the end this Deverel married her."

Ralph's hand at the moment seized the speaker's arm, and his fingers tightened like a vice.

"Deverel!" he gasped.

"John Deverel, or, as it appears he is called among his blackguard associates, Handsome Jack."

Ralph half rose to his feet, and sank back again into his chair speechless.

After a moment's silence, however, he said hoarsely:

"What a fool I am to be frightened by such a tale, when I know that there is no more truth in that part of it than in the other; but go on."

"I'm hanged if I like going on," said the captain; "the whole thing's getting too ridiculous."

"I don't know about ridiculous; it is, at any rate, very extraordinary, and utterly incomprehensible to account for its invention, because it must have been invented by somebody."

"It would seem so, certainly; but by whom I don't clearly understand—anyhow, not by Dacre. What earthly reason could he have for doing so?"

"Go on with your story, and let us consult afterwards."

"According to Dacre's account Miss Etheridge married Deverel about two years ago, and within six months she died?"

"Died where?"

"Died in the house where they lived in Bedford-square."

"You mean, I suppose, that Dacre heard of the circumstance from some third person?"

"He heard of it, at any rate, from a person who ought to have known the truth."

"And that was?"

"Deverel himself."

"It was a lie of Deverel's then—that is very certain."

"That is difficult to understand, too, because my friend Dacre was invited to the funeral."

"And went?"

"And went."

"And you actually mean to tell me that the burial took place?"

"Undoubtedly. Mrs. Deverel was buried in his presence."

"There's only one way of accounting for the story," said Ralph. "Your friend must be mad, and is laboring under some strange delusion; and I must confess that, for my part, I should have been better pleased had his madness taken some other shape."

And when he said this he laughed somewhat unnaturally. But his friend Captain Wetherwell did not echo the forced merriment.

"All I've got to say," he said after a long pause, "is this—I wish I'd been at the furthest end of the antipodes before I'd been mixed up in the business; but that comes of working in one's friend's behalf. I've sworn I wouldn't," he cried, banging his fist down upon the table. "I've sworn a hundred times and more I never again would go out of my way to do a friend a kindness, and now I've done it once more with this result. What had it got to do with me whether your lady love was false to you or whether she was dead or alive? or if dead, who was the cause of her death? Why did I mix myself up in the business? Why did I?—because I'm an old fool, damme, there's no other reason, and none needed."

In great excitement the captain rose, banged his hat upon his head, and crushed it down over his eyes, tightly buttoned up his coat across his breast, and made as though he were going to stalk indignantly from the room. But Ralph stopped him.

"My dear friend, forgive me. Put yourself for a moment in my place. Fancy what your feelings would be if such an extraordinary story were told to you. But do not take offence; the last thought I had in the world was to offend you. Let us sift the falsehood of the story together. Let us find out the clue to the mystery, if there is one, and clear up this most wonderful of all stories. To begin with you have no proofs, I suppose, except the word of Captain Dacre?"

"I don't know what proofs I've got," said the captain, scratching his nose in his perplexity. "I don't exactly know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels, for that matter. Upon second thought, though, I think I would rather say no more upon the subject. The whole affair, in my eyes, is so diabolically intricate it makes my head ache to think of it. One thing is clear, however, and that is that Miss Grace Etheridge never did die, and you have married her, and from the bottom of my heart I wish you joy."

They shook hands heartily, and Strangeways said:

"There's no doubt of that part of the business, and what is more, by the mail train to night, if you are not otherwise engaged, you shall come up to town with me, and make my wife's acquaintance. By the way, what business brings you down here?"

"O, hang the business!" cried Wetherwell impatiently. "There's an end to that. It was only about this tomfool nonsense I came down. I wanted to find out as much as I could relating to this Mr. Deverel I told you about, or Handsome Jack as they said he was called, and I understood that some rascal at the circus there could tell me what I wanted to know—a certain Mr. Dick Doubledick—"

"I thought so."

"What, you know him, do you? Hang me if the mystery is not getting deeper again!"

"I know you wanted him, because I have been looking for him and walking in your footsteps. They told me at Greenwich that you had been making inquiries."

"The worst part of the affair is that if your business with him was important you are doomed to be disappointed."

"How so?"

"I saw the fellow yesterday, and arranged an appointment after the performance. He did not come, and when I went to the circus this morning I learned that the bird had flown."

"Had run away?"

"Had bolted—neither more nor less."

"So far, then, there is an end to my inquiries," and Ralph related what he had done towards discovering his old chum's lost children.

"Don't despair of that," said the Captain. "We'll find them fast enough. The best plan is to advertise—there is nothing like advertising. It is the great invention of a great age. If you want to sell anything at a high price, advertise. If you want to buy anything cheap, advertise. If you have lost your son, or want to know whose son you are yourself, put a line or two to that effect in the paper. There's nothing like advertisements."

Laughing and chatting quite gaily, the good sea Captain seemed to be determined to banish from his mind the business which had brought him down to Manchester. As for Ralph Strangeways, he made up his mind to take his friend's advice about the advertising, and furthermore, immediately upon his arrival in town, to place the matter in the hands of some respectable solicitor who could carry it out in a proper and business-like manner.

"And now," said he to his seafaring friend, "are you at liberty to come back to London with me, and will you allow me to introduce you to my wife?"

"There's nothing that will give me greater pleasure, my boy," replied the captain, "and as to being at liberty, I'm yours to command when and where you think fit. Why, I came to look after you," he added with a laugh, "it was only on your account that I came down here; and, as what I was after has turned out no better than a wild-goose chase, the sooner I get back to London the better for all of us. What do you think?"

"I think so, decidedly; and perhaps there is a night-train by which we might reach our destination the first thing to-morrow."

They found, upon inquiry, that such was the case, and that there was just time, when they had seen to their luggage, to take a quiet little dinner before starting. While thus agreeably engaged, Ralph said:

"By the way, even now I don't know how you came to think that Deverel had killed the lady he never married."

The Captain held up his hand in remonstrance.

"Not a word more about that nonsense."

"Not a little word?"

"Not half a word. Once burnt twice shy! I'll have no more to say to it. I've made a fool of myself, and let that suffice. I won't again if I can help it."

"Come, come, you're a little bit offended with me still."

"Not at all. I'm vexed with myself most plagnily, I can tell you that. And you'll laugh, I expect, when I tell you it is not the first time in my life I've blundered in a like fashion."

"How was it the other time?"

"It was a stupid practical joke, and rather a cruel one. Some messmates of mine got up a report, for a lark, that a young fellow, who was a sort of butt on board ship, was dead, and taking me in by a plausible tale, induced me to write a letter to break the tidings to his friends."

"That was awkward. You had afterwards to explain that it was a mistake?"

"I explained it as soon as I knew what a fool I had made of myself; but unluckily my explanation came too late."

"Too late?"

"Yes; the news had killed his mother in the mean time."

* * * * * * * * *

It was a fast train which was to take the two friends up to town, and it traveled at a brisk pace, but its progress was far too slow for Ralph's impatience.

"If I had not come down," said he, "there is no knowing what further trouble and annoyance you would have given yourself on my account. If it had not been so, however, I would have wished that I had not come down."

"Your journey was wasted, certainly."

"It is not that. I don't grumble about a little trouble. You see the poor girl was not very well when I left her, and I am afraid she may have have been suffering while I have been away."

"She will be delighted to see you back sooner than she expected."

"Yes; when we arrive I will send a message to Deverel at once, and without telling him anything of this little mystery, you shall see what you think of him."

"Oh, I'm satisfied. I don't want to think, in fact. How the deuce the muddle came about I can't imagine; but however it was, I've come to the determination not to trouble my head any more upon the subject."

With this remark the captain leant back in his corner and made up his mind to have a nap; or at least that was Ralph Strangeways' view of the case. How little do we know of the secret workings of each other's minds! The good captain, with his eyes closed, was very far from giving up all hope of solving the mystery that had so puzzled him.

"What's it mean?" he was asking himself. "What does it all mean?"

Then he thought;

"When we get to town, I suppose I shall know all about it. If she is alive I shall see her. But how can she be alive, without she has come to life again after being buried? Ah! suppose that is the answer to the riddle!"

He opened his eyes very widely as this notion occurred to him. Perhaps he had some wild idea, at the first moment, of making a suggestion, but luckily he refrained. Ralph, leaning back in the opposite corner, had his eyes closed, and a cigar was between his lips. He was not asleep, but was indulging in a very delightful day-dream. In his mind's eye he was picturing to himself the happy future—the way he was going to work body and soul, how he would be off to his business early in the morning, and how she would be waiting for his return to welcome him with a bright smile. The fortune he was going to make! By the way, how?

"I've been waiting for you, captain, very anxiously," said Ralph aloud, "to consult you about the way I ought to dispose of my little capital. Don't you remember you were to give me one or two straight tips to that end?"

"We must have a long talk about that," replied the captain. "With half your capital you ought to make a fortune by a little scheme I've got in my head."

Then the two gentlemen fell to talking about money making, and grew to be so interested that the long miles slipped away unnoticed. And so, in due course they reached London.

"Now for a cab. A hansom's the quickest, and this looks a likely horse."

They rattled along the streets at a fine pace, and the vehicle had scarcely come to a stand-still before Ralph leaped from it, and rushed into the hotel.

"Ah, Mason," to the old waiter, "how are you? Is my wife—I mean Mrs. Strangeways—up stairs?"

CHAPTER XI.

A HEARTLESS FRAUD.

"There are crimes so mean and pitiful,
So base."

The expression of the old waiter's face was one of great perplexity.

"I beg pardon sir."

He was not unfrequently rather hard of hearing.

There was nothing extraordinary in his requiring the question to be repeated.

"Is Mrs. Strangeways up-stairs?"

"I don't think so, sir. I don't think she has come back. I'll inquire."

He went to inquire, while Ralph beckoned to the captain to come in.

"You'll put up here, you know, and send for your things from

the other place. This is a first rate house, and as comfortable as one's own home."

By this time the waiter had returned with the landlord.

"I beg your pardon," said the latter; "did you expect to find Mrs. Strangeways here?"

"Expect to find her? to be sure! Has she gone out?"

"She went away an hour after you yesterday, to go down by a later train, as I understood."

"To go where?"

"To Manchester, was it not?"

"How did she come to do that? I wonder! I must telegraph at once. She has missed me somehow, poor darling! Well, we will go up to our room. Send a messenger up to me."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the landlord, stopping him with his foot on the lowest step.

"What's the matter?"

"Two of the rooms you had have since been let, sir. We had no idea you were coming back. We have others—"

"What do you mean? Until the bill was paid and the luggage removed the rooms were surely mine."

"But—"

"There's no 'but' in it. I think this conduct very extraordinary."

"It would have been, sir, perhaps, if the bill had not been paid."

"Paid! by whom?"

"By Mrs. Strangeways."

"What could have possessed her to do that? Anyhow the luggage is up-stairs."

"There is nothing up-stairs. Mrs. Strangeways took the luggage with her."

Ralph turned round to his friend, and the two men stared blankly into each other's faces.

"Better telegraph directly," said Wetherwell, "and in the meantime please show us into a private room."

The telegram was soon written.

"Please pay for me," said Ralph. "I have no change, and, by the way, after you have been to the telegraph office you might as well go on to the bank and cash me a small cheque."

"I can cash it at the bar."

"There's hardly any occasion for that. The bank is close to the telegraph office—not twenty houses off. Here, get me five pounds with this."

As he spoke he handed the man a check filled up for the sum he had mentioned. When they were left alone, the two friends were for a time silent. Captain Wetherwell was the first to speak.

"Was the bill a large one that Mrs. Strangeways paid?"

"No, it was only a bill for three days. I had paid at the end of the week."

"Ah, I was wondering how it was she had enough money, because you say you have deposited all your capital in the bank."

"O, there would have been no difficulty about that. I gave her an open check, so that she might get what sum she required without any trouble."

"Ah, to be sure."

The messenger had not far to go, but he was an unreasonable length of time gone. While they were still waiting, the chambermaid looked in.

"There's one of the rooms, sir, not taken—the one that was Mrs. Strangeways' bedroom. You said it was the best room in the house, you know, sir; so I made bold to come and ask you if you would like that, and two other rooms close by?"

"Yes, I think I should. I am much obliged to you. I should like to go up and wash my hands."

"Certainly, sir."

"Will you come too, Capta'n?"

The chambermaid lighted them into the room.

"Dear me!" she cried, "it's all in a litter. How could that have happened? It was because one of our servants left yesterday, and we have been so busy, or else we always clean a room soon as the parties go out. Will you go into another room, sir?"

"No, no; it does not matter."

The room was, as the woman had said, just as it had been left when Grace had taken her departure. Upon the floor lay scraps of paper, ribbon, straw and string. Something in particular attracted Ralph's attention, and he stooped to pick it up. It was a piece of tape to which two seals were attached, and a portion of a third one that had been broken still clinging.

"That's what was on the pocketbook," he said half aloud, and fell into a brown study.

Then came a tap at the door. It was the chambermaid with some clean towels.

"Did you see Mrs. Strangeways go?"

"Yes, sir."

"She left no message, I believe?"

"No, sir."

"We have crossed each other on the road. It is very awkward."

"Perhaps she missed the train, sir. The gentleman said to the cabman, 'Make haste, or we shall lose the train.'"

"What gentleman?"

"The one that came here several times with you, sir—Mr. Deverel."

* * * * * * * *

"I wish that fellow would come back. He surely can't be all this time waiting for an answer to the telegram. Let's go down stairs. I'm all in a fever."

When they reached the sitting-room the messenger had returned. He was talking to the landlord in the hall, and the latter's face wore a somewhat singular expression.

"Well, have you sent the message? You waited for an answer, I suppose"

"This is it, sir."

Ralph tore open the paper.

"No lady of the name of Strangeways at the principal hotel. Send description."

"She knew you would go to the principal hotel, I suppose?" said Wetherwell.

"Of course. I gave her the address, so that she might send to me if she were any worse. What are you waiting for?"

"The cheque, sir," replied the man addressed, holding it out in his hand.

"Why did you not change it?"

"It was returned to me, sir."

"Returned!—why?"

He took the paper in his hand, and stared at it in bewilderment. Then, with a cry, dashed his hand upon his forehead. The paper slipped from his fingers, and fluttered to the floor. Wetherwell picked it up, and learned the cause of his friend's agitation. It had been returned dishonored, no account standing there in that name.

"What, in God's name, does all this mean?" cried Ralph, after a few moments' silence. "Come with me to the bank. May I hold your arm? I'm giddy."

They were soon at their destination, and Ralph, with a white face, stood in front of the cashier's desk.

"Is there any mistake?" he asked, presenting the cheque. "I sent a messenger with this an hour ago, and he has brought it back with this notation."

"No mistake," replied the cashier. "Ralph Strangeways' account closed yesterday."

"The account closed?" repeated Ralph dreamily. "I don't quite understand. I only opened it a few days ago."

"It means this," replied the cashier impatiently, "we've none of your money left, that's all. You sent for it all yesterday. You ought to know that by your book."

Ralph made no answer, but stood staring like one in a dream at the speaker. Captain Wetherwell pulled at his sleeve, but he did not move.

"Ralph! Ralph! what is the matter?"

"I don't know," the other said in a faint voice. "Let us get out of this into the open air. I feel as if I should faint."

Saying this, he staggered a few paces, but would have fallen, had not his friend caught him by the arm. Then he led him to a seat by the wall, and one of the clerks brought a glass of water. There was not much business going on at the time, and all the persons in the office came forward, anxious to know what had happened.

"My friend," said Wetherwell, "has been robbed, if my suspicion is correct, in a most base and heartless manner, by one whom he loved very dearly."

Ralph sprang up at the words.

"Come away from this," he said—"come away somewhere where we can talk things over quietly. My head is in a whirl."

The cashier who had spoken about the chequе here signified his desire to speak to Captain Wetherwell.

"I did not quite understand how affairs stood just now. Perhaps I might be of some assistance."

"I shall be much obliged to you, sir, if you can give me any information respecting the way in which the money was drawn out."

"I recollect the circumstance. The sum was a large one, too, which, perhaps, made me notice it more than I should have done had only a small cheque been presented."

"Was it a woman who came for the money?"

"A woman? No; it was a tall man—a dark man with bushy eyebrows, if I recollect rightly."

"Could you tell him again?"

"Yes; I am sure of that."

Ralph and his friend went back to the hotel in a cab, but scarcely exchanged a word by the way. When alone in the sitting-room Ralph was the first to speak.

"Do you think she dropped the cheque and some one found it and filled it up?"

Wetherell shook his head sadly, then took his friend by the hand.

"Be a man," he said; "bear up bravely. You have been most foully cheated from beginning to end, and as sure as there is a power above your wife has stolen your money."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Cruelty to Animals.—The following convictions and fines were procured by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals during the month of January, 1868; Jeremiah O'Brien, overloading his wagon, fined ten dollars; wagon, load and driver weighing 4,000 pounds; Richard Hartigan, driving a horse with a running sore on its leg, fined ten dollars; Michael O'Donohue, for abandoning his horse to starve to death, fined ten dollars; George Phillips, driving and also beating a horse with a sore back, fined twenty-five dollars; O. Lawrence, beating and overloading his horses, fined ten dollars; John Tracy, driving a horse with a sore back, fined ten dollars; William Jennings, driving a horse with sores on its foot and on its body, fined ten dollars; Dennis McBride, driving a horse with a foot sore and maturated, fined ten dollars; O. Devlin, for driving a lame and very weak horse, fined ten dollars; George Mc Givney and Peter O. Dell, cutting off a dog's tail, each fined ten dollars, and Dell, in addition to fine, ten days imprisonment; John Reardon, driving a horse with a sore back, fined ten dollars; Adam Shepherd, driving a horse with a sore breast, and unfit for use, fined ten dollars; Job Frazee, beating and over-loading his horses, fined ten dollars; John Bell, driving a lame horse, fined ten dollars; T. Corragan, driving a horse with sores, and stabbing it in the mouth, fined ten dollars; M. Otton, overloading, fined two dollars; Patrick Gillan, cruelly killing a dog, fined twenty five dollars and ten days imprisonment; Richard Welsh, beating a horse with a cart rung, fined ten dollars.

A Mammoth Sleighing Party.—Hinsdale, N. H., lately beat the State on sleigh-rides. Westmoreland proposed to send a party surpassing in number, weight and pretty ladies all that the latter could produce in return, and fifty couples turned out to enforce the challenge. Hinsdale responded on Friday night, 24th ult., with one hundred and thirty-four couples, drawn by one hundred and fifteen horses, in sixty-nine single sleighs, seventeen double and three four-in-hands, making a procession a mile long, headed by their brass band. They were met at the town line and escorted into Westmoreland by a cavalcade. Hinsdale's heaviest man weighed ninety pounds more than the heavy weight of the opposite party, and that town was also awarded the palm for pretty ladies.

New Brighton, S. I.—Two young men want to play a match at hand ball for $25 a side, if they can find a court to play in in New York. Can any one tell us where a court is now open?

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscription to the New York Clipper.

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To Wholesale Dealers	6¼ "	" for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	7 "	" for 3 months	1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor, No. 22 Spruce street, New York. Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

J. W., Chicago.—"A dispute has arisen between us in regard to a game of poker. An argument was made by me in the following words:—'If I play another game of poker in one year I will give you ten dollars.' Subsequently I was playing a game of euchre, when I held a good poker hand, and said to my partner 'that I bet the drinks I have the best poker hand,' which proposition was accepted. Now, the man I made the agreement with claims that I have played poker and claims ten dollars. Is he entitled to it?"......As you did not play a game of poker, you do not lose the wager. The mere betting that the euchre cards you held formed the better poker hand, did not constitute the playing of a game of poker.

Black Hawk, Easton, Pa.—1. The name of the cock belonging to Ben Daniels which fought 31 battles, winning all, was Lemon Peel He was of the Dominique breed and always fought with long spurs. His weight was 4lb. 9oz. 2. As to best breed, that is a matter of opinion. An old fancier informs us that he has fought the Claibourne fowls for eight years and never yet saw any of them show the white feather. 3. Battles are very hard to cure. The best thing to do with them is to throw them out.

S. L., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Heenan fought three times in the ring, with Morrissey, Sayers and King. 2. Sayers beat Crouch, Collins, Grant, Martin, Sims, Poulson, Jones, Perry, Benjamin (twice), Paddock and Brettle; fought draws with Collins, Jones and Heenan, and was beaten by Langham. 3. Tom King beat Truckle, Young Broome, Jem Mace and Heenan, and was defeated by Mace. 4. The first actual champion of the English Prize Ring of whom we have any record, was Figg, who flourished about 1719

J. McC.—Charles Freeman's height was 6 feet 10½ inches; Tipton Slasher, 6 feet ⅜ inch; Byer, 6 feet 1½ inch; Sullivan, 5 feet 10½ inches; Heenan, 6 feet 1½ inch; Sayers, 5 feet 8½ inches; Jimmy Elliott, 6 feet; Billy Clark, 5 feet; O'Baldwin, 6 feet 5½ inches. By the above comparisons you will perceive that there is not so much difference between O'Baldwin and Elliott as there has been between others who have previously fought.

Russell, Brooklyn.—"In a four handed game of six card cribbage, three cards only remain to be played. A plays a 4, B a 6, C a 5, and pegs six holes, claiming three for the sequence, two for the fifteen, and one for the last card. A five dollar bet is made that one for the last card cannot be counted. How is it?"......Taking one point for the last card, under the above circumstances, is quite correct.

Joe, Chicago.—John Wilkes Booth gave promise of becoming a great tragedian. He had the true metal in him. His Richard the Third was considered by old theatre goers to be among the best ever witnessed. He played several star engagements and in some of the leading cities, particularly this city and Boston.

J. W.—1. Address Harper & Brothers, publishers, this city. 2. The fight between Boss Harrington and Andy McLane, in 1832, ended in a wrangle. Harrington defeated Johnny McLane at Hoboken, N. J., in 1838. 3. Coburn is the recognized champion of America.

Gussie, New Orleans.—1. We know nothing of the parties, except they pay us for their advertising. 2. His biography has never appeared in the Clipper. He is a good banjoist. 3. It will seat about 800 persons. 4. He must be a good singer as well as a dancer. 5. Either advertise or go to a dramatic agency. 6. We have a correspondent in your city.

A Subscriber, Philadelphia, Pa.—Coburn and McCoole fought at Charlestown, Cecil Co., Md., May 5, 1863. Thirty-seven rounds were contested. The time given in the report was 1 hour and 10 minutes, but we are informed by a party who was present that the actual time up to the moment of throwing up the sponge was 58 minutes.

Amature Oarsman, Cincinnati, O.—1. It is not possible that he will pay any attention to the challenge unless a deposit is left to make it good. 2. The British navy is the largest in Europe, but the American navy, previous to the selling off of a large number since the war, contained more vessels than that of England.

Constant Reader, Xenia, O.—1. Three, with Ned Price, Harry Gribbin and McCoole. 2. About an even thing. 3. Sam Collyer was born at Boulogne, France, of Scotch parents. He beat Mike Carr, Race Bolster, Barney Aaron, Johnny McGlade and Billy Kelly, and was defeated by Aaron.

G. R. M., New Haven, Ct.—1. When Jack is turned up at All Fours, the point should be taken at once; "two for his heels" at cribbage also. 2. There is a law against carrying *concealed* weapons, but not against carrying weapons; at least, so it was decided at the Sharpley Coroner's Inquest.

Woodford, Louisville, Ky.—"A party are playing a game of whist. A and B are 9 points and in the final deal scored the "odd trick," but C and D are 6 points and played all four of the honors. Which wins the game, A and B or C and D?"...... A and B.

C. T. J.—1. The ladies you mention never danced in the same establishment on the same night. 2. Lotta. 3. By some persons Annie Gibbons is considered the best female cloggist in the business. 4. Johnny Thompson and Billy Emerson are considered the best.

Joe., New Orleans. 1. Sam Sharpley is the best. 2. Joseph Jefferson. 3. What is played in a Minstrel Hall is an Ethiopian one of course. 4. They are not brothers. 5. "Fanchon" and "Dot" are two different pieces. 6. Common cork burnt and then powdered.

Billiard Cue, Waterloo, Ga.—There are no laws governing such a point, neither ought there to be, for no gentleman would make such a claim. The referee's decision was correct and final, and from it there could be no appeal.

J. D. C., Williamsburgh.—1. The rule is as follows:—"If discovered after the trump is turned up that any of the parties have too many or few cards, there must be a new deal, the dealer losing his privilege." 2. We do not preserve letters.

Spotty, Camden, N. J.—1. You can follow suit or trump at pleasure; but if trumps are led he must play one. 2. He turns up the top card for trump. 3. Miss Jennie Engel is married, 4. Collyer is champion of light weights.

J. B. M.—1. The Stadt Theatre and the Old Bowery, in this city are the largest theatrical establishments—so far as the seating capacity is concerned—in this country. 2. The Front is the larger of the two.

A. P. W., Washington, D. C.—1. The fastest mile time was made by Dexter, viz:—2:17¼, in harness. 2. Yes; Ethan Allen and running mate made the first heat of their match with Dexter in 2:15, and the second heat in 2:16.

S. C. M., Logansport, Ind.—Barney Frain was born in Kilkelly, County Mayo, Ireland, August 18, 1830. He beat Jim Raddican and Ned Grant in England, and Jack Grady and Tom Bradshaw in America.

Jack Frost, Boston, Mass.—1. A single scull wherry is worth from $125 to $150. 2 A Jack and four fives count twenty-eight at cribbage. 3. James Hamill is champion. 4. Not recorded.

Interested.—1. Hughey is not married. 2. He is at present in Philadelphia. See our City Summary. 3. Your next inquiry is of too personal a nature for us to answer.

Old Joe, Hamilton, O.—1. Custom gives the dealer the privilege of playing alone in such case. 2. It is taken up after discarding.

Peconic.—1. John Bogan, whose address you will find in another column. 2. He was a very clever actor, well known in Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Veritas, Wilmington, Del.—Brooklyn, including Williamsburgh, has a population of 310,000; and the population of Philadelphia is estimated at 700,000.

T. F. A., Fall River.—Wallack's Theatre is not the largest in this city, nor will it hold as many people as Niblo's. Wallack's seats 1,588 and Niblo's 2,019 persons.

Lotta, Dixon.—1. We do not send the Clipper to G. A. E. at present. 2. Charley is not a married man. 3. She is the wife of another party.

W. J. D.—1. See John Bogan's address in another column. 2. Hughey Dougherty is at Morris Brothers' Minstrel Hall, Boston.

G. L. A., St. Louis.—The time made by your dog is first-rate. We cannot give you the dimensions of the pit that Billy performed his great rat killing feat in.

B. B., Philadelphia.—1. No such book has ever been published. 2. T. D Rice was born in New York in May 20th, 1808, and died Sept 19, 1860, in this city.

J. Block.—One hundred dollars was deposited in Hicken's behalf at this office previous to the meeting between him and Collyer at Mike Henry's.

Newport, Kentucky.—1. Heenan's seconds, in his fight with Morrissey, were Aaron Jones and Johnny Mackey. 2. Jones trained Lord Carmel.

Byke, Baltimore, Md.—The weight of the great bell of St. Paul's is 11,470lbs; and of Moscow 432,000lbs. Of that at Milan, we cannot inform you.

J. J. M., Gloversville, N. Y.—Elliott weighed 162lbs. the day he fought Davis. His weight, walking around, is a trifle over 200 pounds.

S. G. G., Haverhill, Mass.—"At cribbage, G plays a seven, N a seven, G a six, and N an eight. Four cards having been played, can N take three for a sequence?"......Yes.

G. V., Ft. Wallace, Kansas.—Your subscription expires with No. 46, current volume.

F. D. M., Clinton, Iowa.—Your Jack counted, although the cards did run out.

Subscribers.—The money is divided between B and C, as they both go out together.

Heavy.—We are already attended to in that quarter. Thank you all the same.

J. McKenna, Norfolk, Va.—The subscription price to the Clipper for six months is $2.50.

J. F. M.—Hyer defeated Country McCluskey, September 9, 1841.

J. H., Amsterdam.—You can procure all the scenery you want of L. W. Seavy, 40 Ferry street, this city.

Harry G., Fort Harker, Kansas.—The proper weight of a cricket ball is from 5½ to 5¾ ounces, neither more nor less.

J. B. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Ten points is the right number for whist.

Millie W.—Direct your letters to this office and we will advertise them.

Aquillpen, Salem, Mass.—Thanks for items, but they are too stale for publication in the Clipper.

Frank, Chicago, Ill.—As each player wanted two points each to go out, F's low, Jack, made him the winner.

Hank M, Troy, N. Y.—L. needing but two points, turning up Jack and holding high put him out first.

J. D. A., Quincy.—We cannot inform you where Mrs. D. E. Williams is at present.

Minstrel, Albany.—1. Charley is a first-class minstrel performer. 2. About forty five dollars a week.

P. G. F. S., Baltimore, Md.—At cribbage, two sevens, two aces and one six count twelve points.

Cully, Ottawa.—If *ordered up*, the dealer cannot go alone; he only can go alone who ordered it up.

A. L., Memphis.—Letter sent. Thank you for the information. Will attend to the matter.

Frog.—Barney Sweeney was the first captain of the "Frogtown Rangers."

Scalopax, Keokuk, Iowa.—Write to Mr. Heywood, 208 Broadway, this city.

C. D., Eighth Ward, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Drop a note to John Mulholland, in our care, stating what you desire.

R. J., Woonsocket.—He was never at any one time worth half that amount.

Frank, Washington.—The minstrel business is the most profitable.

M. F., Salem, Mass.—1. He is the identical individual. 2. Two. 3. He does business on the square. 4. He cannot.

Constant Reader, Providence, R. I.—Gladiateur's 1 mile 17 yards in 1 minute 39 seconds.

W. H. R., Allegheny City, Pa.—Remit twenty-five cents for a copy.

A. B. C., Providence.—See our advertising terms on the eighth page.

Geo. V. H., Worcester, Mass.—Send along $2:50 and your full address, and the Clipper will be sent for six months.

J. W. A.—Gladiateur ran 1 mile and 17 yards in 1 minute and 39 seconds, at New Market, Eng., in 1865.

Kirk, Philadelphia.—He must have the extra card dealt in his regular turn.

Sam, S., St. Louis.—What do you wish to train for? You do not say whether he is a pointer, setter, terrier or what breed.

W. T. N.—Poker is a show game, and you win if your hand is the best.

Mac.—If you call your opponent, and he gives up his claim to the pot, you cannot demand a sight of his hand.

Axall, O'Fallon, Ill.—Send to the American News Co., N. Y., for a catalogue.

J. C. P.—Signor Blitz is at present in England, but is expected here shortly.

Dawson.—Charlotte was born in Boston in Nov. 1814.

W. P., Buffalo, N. Y.—He is but little known.

J. R. B., Ottawa, Ill.—Will answer your question next week.

L. F. N., Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.—You are correct.

L. O. U., Newark, N. J.—It is out of print.

Agate.—Will appear in our next.

J. S. K.—Will look it over before deciding.

L. S., Springfield.—Thank you; see elsewhere.

E. H. G., Dubuque.—Let us have a specimen.

Clinton.—Philadelphia is Edwin Forrest's home.

J. M. C., Bangor, Me.—Write to him yourself, in our care.

J. P., Milwaukee, Wis.—Write whenever convenient.

Puck, Cincinnati.—The affair has been postponed altogether.

J. B. R.—He is engaged at Hooley's, in Brooklyn.

Mazeppa, Baltimore.—We have none to furnish you with.

E. O. F., Cincinnati.—It is not in our line of business.

Fannie, Boston, Mass.—It puzzles us as much as it does you.

TAX ON GROSS RECEIPTS.

Our theatrical managers are moving in the matter of the proposed increase of the tax on gross receipts of theatres and similar places of public resort. The present tax is two per cent on gross receipts, which we consider sufficiently heavy; but it is now proposed at Washington to increase this tax to *four* per cent, just double what is now exacted. Naturally enough, managers oppose this increase, and a meeting of metropolitan managers has been held for the purpose of protesting against it, and to adopt some measure which may answer instead. Among the propositions introduced, and which seemed to meet with most favor at the hands of our principal theatrical managers, was one which has for its object the total change of the law, doing away with all taxes on gross receipts, and charging each and every mangement of all places of amusement a yearly license of *five thousand dollars!* This is ten times worse than the present tax, and would swamp half the managers in the country if adopted. It may answer the purpose of those who are making thirty, forty, and fifty thousand dollars every year, but it will not answer for minor managers. Why, outside of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, there are few managers who make a clear profit of five thousand dollars per annum. What is to become of them if such a heavy license is demanded? This proposition, originating in the most wealthy city in the Union, looks like an attempt to destroy managers of small means, and give the control of theatrical and similar affairs to a few wealthy ones. We protest against any such action; we protest against all monopolies, especially theatrical monopolies. Once place the power in the hands ot a grasping monopoly, and the public will be compelled to pay twice the rates they now pay to witness a performance. It will not answer. There are other managers besides those in New York to be consulted in this matter, and we respectfully ask the department at Washington not to act with haste on this New York proposition. Adopt the five thousand yearly license tax, and hundreds of managers and people will be at once thrown out of employment, and there is already distress enough without wilfully adding to it. A more just and creditable law would be to place a tax on the *profits* instead of the *gross receipts* of places of amusement. As the law now stands, a manager is taxed whether he has made anything or not. This is particularly severe on those of small means, who invest what little they have in some theatrical venture, giving employment to many who would otherwise be left without means of support—their whole capital, probably, not amounting to more than one or two thousand dollars—and yet oftentimes closing the season with scarcely sufficient to pay the simple interest of the sum invested. Some little consideration should be given to the claims of such managers, and instead of compelling them to pay an annual tax of five thousand dollars, or even the two per cent on gross receipts—the same as that paid by wealthy managers of magnificent establishments in the large cities—they should only be required to pay a certain per centage on their profits. Let managers throughout the country take some action in this matter, make a decided stand against this New York proposition, and urge the adoption of some measure by which each manager may be taxed according to his profits.

ROUGHS AND ROWDIES.

We think it is Mr. Wilkie Collins who remarks, concerning a character in one of his novels: "He had already become a rough, but he was not yet a rowdy." We like the distinction. It is well put, and applicable to a large class of men. There is nothing disreputable in being a rough. That sturdy man, with strength like an ox, who stands beneath the dark rafters of the village smithy, striking bright red sparks from the hot iron—he is a rough. He can whip any man in the country round, and they know it and like him for it. Pious folks—his neighbors—tell, with evident satisfaction, how they saw him "flatten" a blustering bully who had come expressly to fight him. He does not abuse his strength. He starts no bar-room broils; he is gentlemanly in his demeanor; he earns his daily bread; he is kind to his family; but for all that he is proud of his mighty fists, and if you want to hold up your mawleys for a "rattling little mill," he is your man every day in the week. Such is the true rough.

There is something despicable in being a rowdy. That man is a rowdy who, in the presence of the weak and defenceless, makes boast of his physical prowess; who hangs about low places always ready to strike at a man who is down, and to display his fistic skill on the under dog in the fight. He is cruel at home; he beats his wife; he spends other people's money when he can get hold of it; he lives on his very contracted wits, and he is in all things a nuisance.

To make the question broader, we might say that the best men in all professions and callings are roughs, and the worst ones rowdies.

There was the sub-lieutenant at Toulon, who rose to such mighty strength that he carried on his boxing matches with nations, and knocked kingdoms out of time, and made his name—Napoleon Bonaparte—known everywhere as the champion military rough.

And isn't our famous old Commodore—he of financial and horse fame—a rough? Hasn't he trained himself to knock the spots out of railroad corporations and to draw first blood from Wall street? Without continuing our illustrations it is proper to add that all callings develope rowdies as well. The broker, who traps the unwary speculator; the hypocrite, who says long prayers and does evil deeds; the lawyer, who fleeces his clients—all these are rowdies.

Recurring to pugilists, numbers of them frequently meet in our office, who, in words and manners, show themselves to be good, honest roughs. Such we like. Let us have more of them. And let them band themselves together and do their uttermost to prevent the prize ring from falling into the hands of the rowdies, who seem to be making a desperate effort to obtain control of it; and let us all make a bold distinction between the two classes.

A Good Move.—In the New York Legislature, on the 5th inst., Mr. Genet introduced a bill making the crime of throwing a railroad train off the track punishable by imprisonment for life. When the act is perpetrated at night time, or if death ensues, the penalty is death. The bill ought to pass. Other States would do well to emulate the example about to be set by New York. Thanks to Mr. Genet for moving in such an important public consideration.

Train Raillery.—George Francis Train, in writing from his cell across the "say," says he had not heard from Minister Adams, but presumed he was playing poker with Stanley, as Seward used to play whist with Lord Lyons. We wonder if the big guns are advocates of an anti-gambling act.

Candid Admission.—"We are all rogues together, more or less," so says the *Round Table*. Had others said that of them they would no doubt have been sued for libel.

Wise Men of the West.—We have all heard of the Wise Men of the East, but very few know anything of the wise men of the west. The light of these latter gentlemen has long been hidden under a bushel, or some other small measure, and their deep devotion to their own interests has altogether obscured their usefulness. They have just emerged from their hidden depths, however, and hereafter the entire world is to be illumined by the light of their wisdom, and the Wise Men of the East will be heard of no more. In the Legislature of Ohio, a few days since, a resolution was offered which proposes to punish with imprisonment all persons who may be guilty of reporting the proceedings of prize fights. Whether this includes the fight going on between General Grant and Andy Johnson, we are not yet advised; but presume the resolution will cover that national disgrace, for these Ohio legislators are no respecters of persons, having no friends to reward, no enemies to punish, but looking with an eye single to the public weal and their own pickings. Seriously, though, is not this resolution more in keeping with the tyranny of the Emperor of France than with the ideas of a republican people? We believe there is sufficient common sense in the Legislature of Ohio to reject this silly attempt to muzzle the press, and to return its author to that small measure from under which he should have never been permitted to emerge. Once permit this entering wedge to be driven in, and then follows a censorship of the press, on the French plan, with its attendant despotism, and disregard of the rights of the people. Is Ohio ready for such a state of affairs? We think not.

The Season.—Thus far we have had anything but the "mild and open winter" predicted by "the oldest inhabitants" and others who take note of the signs of the times. The season has been cold and truly wintry, the "icy mantle" wrapping us around and about, and the "ermine covering" hedging us in like an avalanche. The skating parks have had a continual "frozen surface," with "glib ice," and everything necessary to secure the pleasure of their patrons, but it is a question whether the proprietors have been rewarded, pecuniarily, to the same extent that they were in former seasons. The scarcity of money, the want of employment, etc., have operated to the disadvantage of the private parks; while the Central Park, where all can go without money and without price, has been crowded with the bone and sinew of the metropolis. Dealers in ice have had a plentiful harvest, nearly every ice-house in the country being already well filled with thick, clear ice, ensuring us an abundant supply of this delicious summer luxury, and giving us a title clear to mint juleps, sherry cobblers, and all those frigid and refreshing beverages which enable us to enjoy the summer solstice in a cool and comfortable manner. It is well. Let it freeze and snow, for the chilling winds of winter, the sleet and ice, are but the harbingers of brighter days to come.

The Pugilistic Giant.—The O'Baldwin having waited sufficiently long, without any response being made to his sweeping challenge, has withdrawn the two hundred dollars put up as an earnest of his intention.

Value of Feminines.—A statistical writer says "a girl of today costs four times as much per pound as one cost thirty years ago." Very true, but it is the spurious *ton* that increases the tariff.

Money, Matrimony and Terpsichore.—An heiress of Quincy Ill., forced to marry against her will, is said to have run away and joined a *ballet* company.

Music at the Hub.—There are five thousand students of music in the modern Athens, it is said. Surely harmony ought to reign there.

Fight!—Out in Arizona the U. S. troops have had a fight with the Wallopi Indians, and we regret to say that our chaps got wallopid.

New Prison.—Owing to the increasing prosperity of the place, Easton is to have a new county prison, with a frontage of 215 feet. Will that be large enough for Easton?

Do They?—Do letters lost in the street by careless carriers come under the head of "drop letters?"

Does it follow that George Francis Train intends to become a nigger minstrel because he was recently "Corked up?"

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

EMMA MADDERN.

This very talented lady is the daughter of Mr. Maddern, a gentleman well known in the musical profession, who came to this country in 1842. The subject of our sketch was born in Buffalo, in 1847, and is very popular throughout the West as one of the Maddern Sisters. She made her *debut* at DeBar's theatre, St. Louis, and made so favorable an impression that she rapidly grew in favor with the public, and remained at that establishment for three years, winning hosts of admirers. She was then transferred to New Orleans by Manager DeBar, appearing at the St. Charles Theatre. The theatre was crowded, and her reception was one of the most enthusiastic witnessed in the Crescent City for some time. It was gratifying to her friends to see so young an aspirant crowned with the highest honors of her profession. Her reputation as one of the most promising young actresses in the South and West was fully established, and managers were not backward in offering engagements to so popular an artist. Her farewell engagement in New Orleans was a brilliant one. She played Fanchon, and entered heart and soul into the author's meaning, showing conceptions so brilliant and unmistakable that she took her audience completely by surprise. She then started on a starring tour, visiting the principal cities in the South, playing a round of popular characters, meeting with unqualified success. She then retired from the stage for the purpose of studying several new characters which have been written expressly for her by Charles Gayler and other authors. Having fully prepared herself for her *re-entree* in the dramatic world, she is to commence a star engagement at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on the 17th inst., and then organizes a first class dramatic company and visits the eastern cities and towns, under the direction of one of the most experienced managers in the country. Miss Maddern is one of the most versatile actresses on the stage. As a *danseuse*, she is as graceful as any lady we know of. As a pantomimist, she is infinitely equal to many who are classed as having no equals in the profession. As a vocalist, her voice, unusually attractive in itself, is made to secure additional admiration from the audience, who recognize her musical education, by which every note and trill seems to receive an unusual power and compass, while as an actress she is most excellent. Handsome, intelligent and vivacious, she possesses all the qualities which adorn the stage and win the admiration of all. There appears nothing unnatural or strained in her delineation, but, on the contrary, she identifies herself with the character assumed, and wears it with the earnestness and spirit of her actual self.

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION IN WASHINGTON.

The inaugural entertainment given by the Washington Gymnastic Association, of the City of Magnificent Distances and Steamed Oysters, attracted a large and fashionable audience to their gymnasium on the evening of the 4th inst. The order of exercises was as follows:—1. Class exercise. 2. Vaulting horse. 3. Double Trapeze. 4. Single ring. 5. Dumb bells. 6. Parallel bars. 7. Vaulting. 8. Horizontal bar. 9. Giant swing. 10. Indian clubs. 11. Musical ring exercise. 12. Aerial flights. 13. Batoute leaps. 14. Tumbling 15. Peg pole. 16. Double rings. 17. Suspended pole. 18. Ladders. 19. Curriculum. The performers, one and all, acquitted themselves in a manner reflecting credit upon themselves and their instructors; those especially worthy of mention being Messrs. Frank Myers and Daniel Warren in the double trapeze; E. B. Tuttle, single and double rings, ladder feat and horizontal bar; Myers in the bamboo pole exercise, *a la* Japs; Moran, dumb bells and Indian clubs; Alden, giant swing; Nolan, peg pole and acrobatic feats; Tierney and Brown, tumbling. Upon the termination of the exercises the hall was speedily cleared of everything excepting its wreath of youth and beauty, and devotion at the shrine of Hercules was suspended by worship at that of the Goddess Terpsichore, until the gray streaks of early dawn tinged the eastern sky, when the gay and festive party separated, delighted with their night's amusement, and thoroughly convinced that the members of the association understand exactly how to conduct these affairs. The success attending this exhibition will ensure a repetition ere long. The following are the officers of the association:—President, C. H. Townsend; Vice President, E. P. Jacobson; Secretary, George W. Evans; Treasurer, Thos. B. Nolan; Directors, Gen. J. C. Kelton, Major George K. Leet, L. G. Boggs, J. N. Birckhead, Frank Myers, Wm. C. Myers, Joseph B. Rose, B. J. Walker, Albert Noerr and Joseph S. Miller, Jr.

New York Yacht Club.—The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the above club, held Feb. 6th:—Commodore, Hon. Henry G. Stebbins, Phantom; Vice Commodore, James G. Bennett, Jr., Dauntless; Rear Commodore, Lloyd Phoenix, Widgeon; Secretary, Hamilton Morton; Treasurer, Robert S. Hone; Measurer, Alfred W. Craven; Regatta Committee, George L. Schuyler, Fletcher Westray and Robert G. Remsen.

Election.—The first annual meeting of the Boston Yacht Club was held on the 29th ult., when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Commodore, Dexter H. Follett; Vice-Commodore, Thomas Manning; Secretary, Thomas Dean; Treasurer, Augustus Russ; Measurer, Dexter S. Stone; Trustees, Benjamin Dean, Arthur Cheney and Eben Denton. The first year of the club has been very encouraging, and the prospects for the future are bright, about two hundred members are enrolled, and its fleet numbers twenty-eight yachts.

In the City.—David Carl, a member of the McKee Barge Club, of the Smoky City, was in the metropolis a few days since, having come on for the purpose of superintending the shipping and transportation of a new single scull constructed for the club by James McKay, of Harlem. After taking a glance at the elephant in various shapes, as seen in the mammoth village, he left for home again on the 1st inst. McKay has an order for another single scull for the above organization, which ranks among the first in that section.

Skittle Challenge.—E. L. Sidney, of London, Eng., will play W. Blackmore, of New York, a home and home match at Skittles, 11 chalks up, for $50 a side each game, one game to be played in Brooklyn and one in New York. Mr. Sidney will be at the Half Way House, 8th Avenue, on Thursday evening, Feb. 13th, when the match can be arranged.

SKATING.

WINTER SPORTS IN THE METROPOLIS.

Not for a series of years has our cosmopolitan population been favored with an opportunity of indulging to such an extent in the pleasures attendant upon the seductive and beneficial winter amusements of sleighing and skating as they have since the New Year was fairly ushered in. During the week just closed the carnival season has been at its height, and young and old of both sexes, and every station in life, have taken advantage of the opportunity thus afforded to compass enjoyment after their several inclinations, governed, of course, by their pecuniary resources, for in these days of heavy taxes, high rents and exorbitant charges for the actual necessaries of life, it behooves those who contemplate participating in rare and luxurious pleasures to consult their pocket books, and estimate whether their store of the wherewithal is sufficiently large to withstand the pressure ere they conclude arrangements. Sleighing is, now-a-days, a luxury with us, which is of necessity confined almost exclusively to those who are fortunate—or unfortunate—enough to be encumbered with a greater quantity of this world's goods and chattels than the generality of their neighbors, making it essentially an aristocratic amusement; albeit there is a sufficient number of the *bon ton* among us to render the crisp air resonant with the merry jingle of the silvery bells, mingled with peals of musical laughter by the fair and gleeful occupants of the apparently endless stream of brilliant turns-out, from early morn until far into the night, rendering 'life on the road" an unceasing but ever-varying panorama, replete with exciting scenes, beautiful effects and occasional laughable tableau. The livery stable-keepers have been at peace with all the world and mankind in general, raking in complacently and without any evidence of conscientious scruples, (which is something surprising, considering the tariff imposed for an hour or two's sport) the harvest of greenbacks, while the hosts of the different resorts where everybody make it a point to stop while "taking an airing," have appeared in the happiest mood as they received *their* share of the spoils in exchange for delicious bivalves and invigorating cordials to appease the cravings of the inner man and woman, and keep John Frost at a respectful distance.

But while the favored sons of fortune have monopolized to a great degree the pleasures incidental to skimming o'er the glittening mantle enveloping our fashionable drives, side by side with the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked maids whom they didn't leave behind them, in cosy, saucy-looking cutters, dashing pairs and brilliant four-in-hand, the democratic portion of our metropolitans have derived their share of enjoyment from devotion at the shrine of the skatorial god. The week has been one of almost unprecedented hilarity and excitement at the various skating lakes of New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, etc., the young people of both sexes curvetting and flirting upon their glassy bosoms (we refer to the ponds) in swarms, utterly unmindful of the frigidity of the atmosphere, which pinched their ears and caused their noses to assume an unheavenly blue hue; the genial glow produced by the health-giving exercise counteracted this in a measure, however, though the skaters were compelled to maintain a sort of perpetual motion, in order to keep up the circulation. The pastime is of too attractive a character in the estimation of its devotees, to admit of their being deterred from participation by such trifling considerations, however, and if any there are who doubt our veracity, let them take a jaunt to some of our favorite resorts when the air is nipping cold, and observe the bevies of vivacious damsels disporting their graceful forms upon the glittering blades, their eyes sparkling with health, the roses blooming upon their dimpled cheeks, and their faces beaming with pleasure and animation as they glide swiftly and gracefully through the mazes of the art, regardless of the liberties taken by rude Boreas with their flowing locks. We are pleased to note the favor this species of amusement has obtained among the tenderer sex, and every effort should be made to increase their devotion thereto, for in its train follow health, strength, happiness and longevity. Let the young ladies pay no heed to the deprecating remarks of those over-scrupulous and outwardly-pious individuals who hold up their skinny hands and display the whites of their eyes with an expression of holy horror upon hearing a sprightly, sensible young lady speak of visiting a skating park. The recreation is both innocent and pleasurable, while the wonderful transformations which we behold of pale, delicate looking drawing-room flowers, oppressed with *ennui*, into blooming, carnation cheeked, star-eyed and vivacious maids, furnishes a sufficient commentary upon its invigorating effects. With the exception of Wednesday night and Thursday morning, when a profuse distribution of Mother Carey's favors caused a cessation of the sport, as also on Sunday, when a penetrating rain exercised the same effect, the ice has been in splendid condition, and from the appearance of the weather as we go to press, there is every prospect of a continuance of the ice carnival for some days, in hopes of which the proprietors of our ponds have made extensive arrangements for the amusement of their patrons and the public generally during the current week.

SKATING IN PHILADELPHIA.

There were some lively times on the various Philadelphia skating ponds during the past week, carnivals and matches of different kinds tending to create a good deal of interest in skating circles.

The Meagher brothers were among the most noted cards of attraction, their performances at the Eastwick Park drawing quite large assemblages, who were greatly pleased with the manœuvres of the brothers on the skating irons. On the 8th inst., on behalf of the Eastwick Park-ers, Colonel James Page presented each of the brothers with a handsome gold medal, suitably inscribed, for which Daniel Meagher returned thanks for himself and brother.

Alexander Helger and Santa Anna, who have only two legs between them, had a friendly match at the Arctic Park on the 7th inst., the Eastern man, Helger, winning the honors, but both astonishing the spectators with their one-legged skatorial proficiency.

The Philadelphia Park, down town, caved in two or three times during the week, and thus disappointed the patrons of the place. The damage has been repaired, however, and, when the weather permits, the lads and lassies will be in their glory again.

The Keystone Park was well attended on several evenings during the week, all hands seeming to enjoy themselves in a Brotherly Love-able manner. Several good skaters were present, who executed some difficult steps, or feats. The Keystone is well managed, the ice generally good, and music helps to enliven the scene.

A carnival on a grand scale was given, "by moonlight alone," at the West Philadelphia Park, on the evening of Friday, 7th inst., when a deputation from the New York Skating Club put in an appearance, the skating of Messrs. Cooke and Goodwin being the most admired. The scene was gay and pretty, and the New Yorkers doubtless experienced considerable enjoyment in their visit.

Various attractions are provided for the current week, carnivals, star skaters, &c., being on the programme. Whether the soft weather of the Sabbath will put an end to these programmes we are unable to say at this writing, but doubtless some changes will have to be made, as the steady rain of the 9th, and the warm atmosphere accompanying it, must have played havoc with some of the parks.

Better Late than Never.—A number of the devotees of sports on the ice residing in Jersey City have, in commendable emulation of their brethren in Gotham and the City of Churches, lately formed an organization under the style and title of the Jersey City Skating Club, with a view to mutual improvement as well as enjoyment and adding to the popularity already attained by this delightful and consumption preventing exercise. The following named gentlemen were chosen officers at a meeting held on the 1st inst:—President, E. P. Beach; Vice President, Eugene Phillips; Treasurer, B. W. Morris; Secretary, Miss Ella Batchelor. Their operations will be necessarily limited this season, but the beneficent efforts of the organization will doubtless be experienced next winter.

Championship Match.—The match for the championic honors of Jersey City and Hoboken, between Charley Bearman and Gil. Totten, was decided at the Jersey City Skating Lake on the 8th inst., and resulted in the former turning the tables upon his opponent, who it will be recollected proved victor in a prior contest. The match was conducted in accordance with the programme of the New York Club, and after an hour had been consumed in executing the diversified movements the judges, A. J. Dupignac, Ed. L. Gill and E. T. Egbert, decided as follows:—Bearman, 47; Totten, 32. The trophy, emblematic of the title, is a handsome gold medal. A large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled to witness the sport.

New Club.—A skating club has lately been organized in the City of Churches. The officers are, President, C. C. Brady; Vice President, Wm. Jennings; Secretary, Charles Champlain; Treasurer, Henry Doland. The secretary's address is 297 Franklin Avenue. The Capitoline Pond will constitute their headquarters.

Testimonial to Hugh Mitchell.—The New York Skating Club have tendered the proprietor of the Fifth Avenue Park a testimonial benefit, which has been fixed for Tuesday, 11th inst. The attractions presented in the afternoon will consist of a base ball match between players chosen from the clubs, a burlesque skating match between a brace of clubites, and a grand display of fancy skating. A fancy dress carnival will terminate the sport in the evening.

The Long Island Championship.—The appended challenge explains itself:—

Brooklyn, February 10th, 1868.

P. Johnson: *Dear Sir.*—As I am one of those who believe you are not the best skater on the Island, nor entitled to the championship, I hereby challenge you to skate me, according to the New York Skating Rules, at any date most convenient to you on either the Capitoline or Oatman's ponds, for the Championship of Long Island. Respectfully,

Al. Howard.

Swift Wins the Championship Medal.—On the 5th inst. the grand tourney for $500 and a championship medal was decided at the Keystone Rink, Allegheny City, Pa., in the presence of a large attendance. The contestants were: "Frank Swift," of New York; John Powers, of Canada; Callie Curtis and E. W. Pratt, of Chicago, Ills. Messrs. Barney, Dodge and Johnson, the judges, awarded the prize to Swift. Goodrich was present, but did not take part.

Ladies' Match.—Miss Nellie Dean, of Chicago, won the prize of a pair of New York Club skates, ornamented with gold, and $100 at the Keystone Rink, Allegheny City, Pa., on the 7th inst. She had only one opponent, announced as "Miss Christina Von Brecht, from Russia," but who, upon unveiling, proved to be Callie Curtis.

Cocking Main Between New York and New Jersey.—Another important cocking main was decided at a well known spot to the fanciers in the suburbs of the metropolis on the night of Friday, 7th inst. The birds shown on each side were superior strains throughout, and, with the exception of one or two, were game to the backbone. We append a summary:—

Battles.	Won by.	Time. Min.	Battles.	Won by.	Time. Min.
First	New Jersey	11	Sixth	New York	18
Second	New Jersey	7	Seventh	New Jersey	15
Third	New Jersey	4	Eighth	New Jersey	29
Fourth	New York	1	Ninth	New York	11
Fifth	New Jersey	9			

Totals—New Jersey 6; New York, 3.

New Billiard Hall.—Omaha, Nebraska, now boasts of an elegant billiard temple, presided over by Ed. Cahill, Parker & Co., which was opened by a grand tournament on the 1st inst., J. W. Coon, of Chicago, Illinois, and other leading Western players participating. The establishment is located in the new Metropolitan Block. The main hall is 45x138 feet and furnished with nine four pocket and five carom tables.

CURLING.

THISTLE VS. PATERSON.

A capital contest took place at the Park pond on the 31st ult. between these A1 illustrators of the beauties of the ancient Scottish pastime, the result of which was as below:—

PATERSON.	THISTLE.
Rink No. 1.	
1st stone—Thos. Crossley.	1st stone—J. C. McGregor.
2d stone—J. Stevens.	2d stone—S. McIntyre.
3d stone—J. Richmond.	3d stone—J. Chalmers.
Skip—J. R. Smith.	Skip—A. Henderson.
Score—24.	Score—29.
Rink No. 2.	
1st stone—R. Aiken.	1st stone—J. Reith.
2d stone—W. Tinnock.	2d stone—A. Barr, Jr.
3d stone—J. Watson.	3d stone—A. Barr.
Skip—A. Collier.	Skip—W. Meikle.
Score—29.	Score—19.
Rink No. 3.	
1st stone—J. Shaw.	1st stone—A. Mitchell.
2d stone—W. Inglis.	2d stone—R. Mitchell.
3d stone—R. Smith.	3d stone—A. Phillips.
Skip—A. N. Horton.	Skip—A. Mitchell, Jr.
Score—25.	Score—23.

SUMMARY.

J. R. Smith.....24	A. Henderson.....23
A. Collier.....29	W. Meikle.....19
A. N. Horton.....25	A. Mitchell, Jr.....23
Total for Paterson.....78	Total for Thistle.....65

NEW YORK VS. THISTLE.

These clubs took advantage of the favorable weather on the 4th inst. to play a match, with three rinks, at the Thistle Pond, Jersey City. The ice was in splendid condition, rendered hard as flint by the heavy frost of the night previous, and nothing was to be wished for in this respect. The Thistle boys were greatly overmatched, and it was apparent from the commencement that they were doomed to defeat, yet they did all in their power to arrest such result, and deserve credit for their stand against their more experienced and older antagonists. The umpiring of Mr. Davidson, of the New York Thistle Club, was satisfactory to both winners and losers. We append the score:—

NEW YORK.	THISTLE.
Rink No. 1.	
Roy.	Edwards.
Clemenson.	R. A. McKnight.
Taylor.	Pringle.
Gibson, skip.	Stevens, skip.
Total—33.	Total—19.
Rink No 2.	
McGrath.	Holah.
Ferguson.	Frame.
Adie.	Bailey.
W. Kellock, skip.	Lyon, skip.
Total—45.	Total—24.
Rink No. 3.	
Houston.	Halliday.
Henderson.	Donnelly.
Longwell.	James McKnight.
McQuhae, skip.	Alex. McKnight, skip.
Total—32.	Total—28.
Total for New York.....109	
Total for Thistle.....71	
New York ahead, 38 shots.	

CALEDONIAN vs. ST. ANDREWS.

The above first class clubs selected Thursday, 6th inst., for a fight at their favorite winter recreation, four rinks on each side. The weather was delightful overhead, but the warmth of the sun's rays conspired to soften the ice, and thereby render the playing doubly arduous. The team representing the Caledonians were far superior to their opponents in point of skill, and ultimately won by the annexed score:—

CALEDONIAN.	ST. ANDREWS.
Rink No. 1.	
J. Templeton, skip.....28	A. Dalrymple, skip.....19
Rink No. 2.	
Malcom Baxter, skip.....22	John Dunlop, skip.....35
Rink No. 3.	
J. Gillies, skip.....22	W. Ritchie, skip.....22
Rink No. 4.	
J. Love, skip.....40	William Hogg, skip.....12
Total for Caledonian.....107	Total for St. Andrews.....88
Majority for Caledonian, 19.	

THE SETTERS WAX THE CUTTERS.

A match with two rinks, six players each, was contested at the Park pond on the 6th inst. between members of the Thistle Club, who follow, respectively, the business of stone cutting and stone setting. No. 1 was skipped by Meikle for the Setters against Robert Mitchell for the Cutters, and No. 2 by Andy Mitchell against A. Henderson. After a contest lasting about four hours the Setters were proclaimed the better men by a score of 55 to 27.

NEW ENGLAND CLUB.—At the annual meeting of this club the following officers were elected to serve during the twelvemonth ensuing:—Patron, John Leishman; President, Wm. Kerr; Vice President, Dr. Charles Main; Treasurer, Wm. Grant; Secretary, Geo. Woodie; Representative Members, David Miller, David Thompson and James Lerigo.

NEW CURLING CLUB.—Another club of curlers has just been organized at Paterson, N. J., by the election of the following officers:—President, Alex. Jamieson; Vice President, George Eakins: Treasurer, Patrick, Slattersley; Secretary, William Eakins.

BALL PLAY.

Base Ball. Base Ball. Base Ball.

IN PRESS AND TO BE ISSUED ABOUT THE FIRST OF MARCH.

CHADWICK'S NEW BOOK,

ENTITLED,

THE AMERICAN GAME OF BASE BALL.

HOW TO LEARN IT.

HOW TO PLAY IT.

HOW TO TEACH IT.

WITH SKETCHES OF NOTED BALL PLAYERS in different parts of the country, AND SKETCHES OF FIRST CLASS CONTESTS, Together with a PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

This complete work of Mr. Chadwick's on the Sports and Pastimes of the Nation, will meet with a demand unprecedented in the trade, as the furore for Base Ball is likely to be greater this season than ever before, and the demand for information on the game of BASE BALL is increasing all the time.

This work of Mr. Chadwick's differs entirely from any previous Publication whatever, and is made especially interesting by the sketches of Noted Base Ball Players throughout the country, and the detailed descriptions of the most celebrated encounters on the BALL FIELD which it contains.

It is a book especially adapted for the young beginner, while in its complete instructions in all the scientific points of the play, and the exhaustive commentary on the rules and their various applications in contests, makes it equally valuable to the expert.

It is printed on fine paper and neatly bound, and is typhographically handsome in appearance and will make an excellent addition to a sportsman's library. It is, in fact, the only thorough book that has ever appeared on the subject, and, consequently, the most reliable, and ought to be in the hands of every one who takes an interest in the game.

Dealers and others should send in their orders early, as they must be filled in the order in which they are received. Price, bound in board, 50 cents; bound in cloth, making a neat, elegant and wearable book for reference in the field, as well as an ornamental one for the library, $1.

All orders must be addressed to GEORGE MUNRO & CO.,
45-tfx 137 Wilham st., N. Y.

THE STATE ASSOCIATION.

We call the attention of clubs belonging to the State Association to the subjoined correspondence:—

J. Seaver Page, Esq., President N. Y. S. A. B. B. P.:

DEAR SIR.—We, the undersigned, delegates to the New York State Association of Base Ball Players, do respectfully request that you convene the Association, in special session, on or about the 25th day of February next, for the transaction of such business as may come before the Association, or as may be required to complete the organization.

M. J. KELLY, Gotham Club,
H. A. ROGERS, Active Club,
W. R. MACDIARMID, Star Club,
J. J. DELANEY, Exercise Club,
THOMAS TASSIE, Atlantic Club.
NEW YORK, January 27, 1868.

To the Members of the N. Y. S. A. B. B. P.:

In compliance with the above request, you are ordered to meet on Thursday, February 27, 1868, at 7 o'clock P. M., at Masonic Hall, No. 112 East Thirteenth street, New York.

(Signed) J. SEAVER PAGE, President.

As business of importance will be brought before the meeting, we would impress upon the various clubs the necessity of having a full attendance of delegates. Those clubs which have thus far neglected to forward the required statements are requested to do so without delay, together with the official address of the club or its corresponding officer. The address of the secretary is "M. J. Kelly, box 49, Station A, New York City."

GAME OF BASE BALL ON ICE.

At the Columbia Skating Park, Philadelphia, on the 7th inst., a game of base ball was contested by the Athletic and Commonwealth Clubs, of that city. Last year the Athletics were beaten by the Commonwealth, but on the present occasion the tables were turned, the C.'s sustaining a severe defeat, as will be seen by the appended score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	B.	COMMONWEALTH.	H.	L.	B.
Reach, 2 b			3	4	Oram, l b			2	1
McBride, p			1	6	Rorke, p			1	2
Sensenderfer, l f			2	5	S. Fields, l f			3	0
Radcliff, c			0	7	Furniss, 2 b			2	1
Berry, 3 b			2	4	Thomas, c			1	0
Cuthbert, r f			2	3	O'Brien, c f			2	0
Hayhurst, s s			3	3	Adams, 3 b			2	0
Schaffer, 1st b			1	4	Fields, r f			2	0
Diehl, c f			1	5	Ward, s s			0	0
Total			41		Total			4	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.
Athletic	3	3	11	7	12—41
Commonwealth	2	0	2	0	0— 4

Umpire—Harry Graffen. Home Runs—Sensenderfer, 1; Berry, 1.

PREVENTED BY THE WEATHER.—The snow storm of the 5th and 6th inst. had the effect of spoiling the calculations of the members of the Atlantic and Skating Club, who had set apart the former for a return game on the ice, and the Empires and Eckfords, who were to have tested their skill on runners the day following. Should the weather prove favorable the game will be brought to a climax sometime during the current week.

ELECTED OFFICERS.—The Momoweta Club, of Greenpoint, L. I., held their annual meeting lately, when the following officers were elected: President, S. W. Phillips; Vice-President, C. D. Elmer; Secretary, C. D. Chase; Treasurer, G. H. Cleaver; Directors—J. B. Reeve, B. D. Skinner, and C. D. Elmer.

THE RING.

O'Baldwin in Providence.

51 ELDY STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 8, '68.

TO THE ED. CLIPPER.

DEAR SIR:—In justice to myself, and as a corroboration of the statements made in my letter, I enclose for publication copies of receipts for payments I made on account of Mr. O'Baldwin out of my own pocket. I do not consider it necessary to answer such a ridiculous charge as that which Mr. Watts makes in his letter, viz.: "that Mr. Rooke, on his own responsibility, attracted customers to his bar," as teat is my daily custom and business. I remain respectfully yours,

GEORGE ROOKE.

PROVIDENCE, Jan. 18, '68.

Rec'd of Geo. Rooke $40 for use of Hall, Jan. 11.
[Signed] C. N HARRINGTON, Agent.
PROVIDENCE, Jan. 18, '68.

Messrs. O'Baldwin and Hicks to Carroll and Burbanks, Jan. 16, for posting 100 two sheet posters and distributing 1,000 programmes, $7.50. Paid by George Rooke, Jan. 22.
[Signed] SAMUEL W. BURBANKS.
PROVIDENCE, Jan. 18, '68.

Rec'd of George Rooke, eight dollars for bill boards, painting, etc., for O'Baldwin. [Signed] HILL & GARDINER.

Mr. Ned O'Baldwin bought of Pierce and Budlong, Jan. 15, 100 two sheet posters and 1,000 programmes. $12.50. Received pay of George Rooke. [Signed] PIERCE & BUDLONG.

THE KEATING AND HOLLIWOOD MATCH FOR $5,000.

JOHNNY SENDS ON THE ARTICLES.

With his customary promptitude Johnny Keating, as soon as he received the CLIPPER containing the acceptance of his challenge by Dick Holliwood, proceeded to draw up the necessary articles, to which he affixed his signature and forwarded to this office, accompanied by a letter expressive of his gratification at the early response which his pronunciamento had elicited, especially as it came from his quondam opponent, Dick Holliwood. The latter dropped in before we went to press to see if any word had been received, and, upon perusing the document, signified his readiness to agree to all the stipulations mentioned by Keating, save and except that fixing the weight at 108 lbs., which through a misunderstanding was mentioned as Dick's choice in his card of acceptance, and Johnny therefore took it for granted and drew up the protocol accordingly. Holliwood, however, informs us that he cannot possibly get to that weight and be well on the day, and trusts that Keating will not feel disposed to allow this to interfere with the consummation of the match, seeing that he (Holliwood) is willing to agree to all the other conditions, even to the time, which is much shorter than he, for all sufficient reasons, requested in his letter of acceptance. As Johnny, in his challenge, limited the weight to 110 lbs., and as he appears particularly desirous of effecting the match, there is no occasion for doubt that he will cheerfully consent to make it at that weight, so that the match may be regarded as good as made.

MIKE NOONAN AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

A festive, frolicsome delegation of the fancy congregated at the sparring room of 600 Broadway on the evening of the 6th inst., testing the capacity of the hall to its utmost, to do honor to the light-weight from beyond the "drink," Mike Noonan, who then made an appeal for the first time in years. The majority of those who put up their dukes upon the occasion were townsmen of the *beneficiaire*, although there was a goodly sprinkling of the "regulars" scattered through the assemblage. The principal sets-to of the evening were those between Jack Hicks and Billy Edwards—which was, of course, a glove battle, as are all in which Billy takes part—and, though Hicks was the most powerful of the twain, the verdict of the onlookers was, unanimously, "an even thing;" Young Quinn and Tim Hussey, who is said to be desirous of having another tussle with his former opponent, George Rooke, or the late arrival, Tom Kelly, Tommy Meekin and Pete McGinniss, and the wind-up between Noonan and Ed Lowery, the latter of whom possessed advantages over Mike in both height, weight and length of reach, but he failed to make two out of the *beneficiaire* for a' that. In addition to these Dan Stenson and Joe Meers, Tom Murphy and Billy Stenson, Dick Dolan and Al Bickerton, Young Omealia and Phil McNamara—all apt pupils of Uncle William—Johnny Hanly and Young Clare—the nephew of his Uncle Phil—assisted, and performed their part with credit to themselves and the entire satisfaction of the audience. Tovee was there in his customary capacity as master, and wishes us to publicly express his thanks for Noonan's handsome recognition of his services, which it would be to the credit of others to emulate.

SHORT FIGHT BETWEEN GEORGE CHEER AND PUNCH MORRIS.—After a number of provoking postponements, necessitated by the vigilance of the authorities, the pugilistic meeting between George Cheer, a recent feather-weight importation from Britain—where, according to his own statement he fought eight times, winning five and drawing twice—and Punch Morris, who [illegible] as my many readers know, was brought to a focus in a room in the metropolis on the evening of Monday, 3d inst. They fought for a purse, at catch-weight, and about fourscore and ten of the upper strata of sporting men, and others who never saw anything of the sort, were present. Cheer, who trained himself, was waited upon by Butt Riley and Abe Hicken, while Morris had the services of his trainer, Dan Foster, affectionately called "Dog Dan," and Mike Costello. After fighting seventeen rounds in about thirty-six minutes, mostly in favor of Cheer, who gained first blood and first knock-down early in the battle, Morris, who appeared almost as strong as at the commencement, refused to fight any longer, and the referee accordingly decided in George's favor. Punch received a pretty bad pouliticing about the face and head; but beyond a few discolorations on the body, Cheer was unscathed. The fight by no means equalled expectations.

PROSPECTS OF A MATCH BETWEEN CHANDLER AND DWYER.—As has been previously alluded to in these columns, there has for some months been considerable talk of another match between Billy Dwyer and the Tom Sayers of the Pacific. Tommy Chandler, which the former has always been red hot for, but the backers of Chandler wanted the figures placed too high for William, and that's why the matter hasn't reached a climax yet. A letter, just received from a gentleman well posted in sporting matters on the Slope, however, states that at the time of writing there was every probability of the rivals compromising matters and coming to terms for $3,000. The negotiations were regarded with much interest throughout California and the territories; and should the match be consummated the excitement occasioned thereby will be scarcely less than that caused by the meeting between Chandler and Harris. We expect to receive definite information in reference to the matter in season for publication in our next issue.

O'BALDWIN TO ELLIOTT AND OTHERS.—While in this city last week, the Irish Giant, in a conversation at a prominent sporting house, is said to have publicly stated that he was ready to make a match to fight Jimmy Elliott upon either of the following conditions: $2,000 against $1,000, providing he (Elliott) agrees to fight within two weeks from signing articles; $2,500 against $1,500, and fight in one month from signing; or $5,000 against Elliott's $2,500, and fight in two month's time. Will the Athlone Giant make the match, or will he, like others, allow himself to be bluffed off by greater heighth and weight? If Elliott don't accept, O'Baldwin will accommodate Tom Allen upon the same terms.

COBURN AT HOME.—As a preliminary proceeding to entering upon a course of preparation for his forthcoming struggle for the fistic supremacy and ten thousand dollars with McCoole, Joe Coburn has secured the premises known as "Platt's," located on 125th street, between 3d and 4th Avenues. After the place has undergone a thorough rejuvenation and re-fitting, which will be in the course of a few weeks, the new proprietor will take possession and during the early spring months "Coburn's Hotel" will form one of the resorts for the sporting fraternity of the metropolis.

MIKE MCCOOLE IN THE WEST.—Michael had a benefit at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., on the night of the 1st inst., at a dollar per head. Johnny Mackey, Johnny Sweetman, Mike Ryan, Gallagher, Barney Duffey and others assisted to make things pass off with *eclat* and McCoole put on the gloves with his old opponent, Bill Davis. Mike was at Indianapolis, Ind., at last advices, where he was announced to take a benefit at Masonic Hall on the 10th inst. He was to wind-up with Val McKinney.

WANTS TO FIGHT.—Marcellus Baker writes to us to say, that having understood that Peter Daley, of Portland, Me., lately offered to match Charley Lowery against him for from $200 to $1,000 a side, he (Baker) is ready to make a match with Lowery, or any other man living in the State of Maine, at 124lbs., for from $200 to $500, in six weeks from signing articles, and will meet half way to make the necessary arrangements and put up a deposit. This challenge to remain open two weeks.

PATSY REARDON'S EXHIBITION.—New Temperance Hall, Hamilton avenue and Hicks street, South Brooklyn, promises to be in a blaze of glory Tuesday, 11th, for nearly all the prominent boxers hereabouts have signified their willingness to box for Patsy's benefit, and this, combined with the general desire to see Reardon put up, will attract a strong representation of the element. Barney Aaron has promised to attend.

THE AARON-SHEPPARD MATCH.—Barney Aaron and Patsy Sheppard have commenced gentle exercise for their approaching five thousand dollar contest, Patsy taking up his quarters at the Inwood, on the Jerome Park Road, under the care of Bob Smith, and Barney at Mike O'Brien's, not far removed from his future opponent, with Jack Sheffield, the "hero of the half hour fast," to look after him.

BENEFIT FOR AN UNKNOWN.—Temperance Hall, 993 Third Avenue, was pretty well filled on the night of the 8th inst., by up-town sports, attracted by the fixture for a sparring show for an Unknown. The entertainment was of an ollo description and those who showed were Jim Murray, Bert Wilson, Joe Tracy, O'Brien, Shay, Mead, Comensky, O. Walker, Johnny Sanders, Jeff. Kinney, Tinelly, Lagroty and Black.

GOSS RECEIVES FORFEIT.—Our latest foreign files bring us the intelligence that Joe Wormald has forfeited to Joe Goss, having failed to put his money down for two weeks. It is stated that Goss will now come to this country and endeavor to effect a meeting with Tom Allen, and if he does he'll be cordially welcomed.

COMING AROUND AGAIN.—Dan Kerrigan, who for some days has been prostrated by a severe spell of sickness, is rapidly recovering. We understand he will be prepared to come to terms with Billy McLean, according to the latter's last challenge, for $200 a side, as soon as he is "all right" again.

HICKEN'S MONEY DRAWN.—The backer of Abe Hicken has withdrawn the one hundred dollars deposited in our hands for a match with Collyer. Ebenezer thinks of returning to his native land shortly.

GOING HOME.—Jack Hicks purposes taking passage for home by one of the steamers which leaves this port on the 22d inst. He will take a benefit at the Opera House, 600 Broadway, on the 18th inst.

☞ We have letters for Thomas McAlpine, Patsy Reardon and Marcellus Baker.

LITTLE FIGHT IN MASSACHUSETTS.—A fight took place at West Brookfield, Mass., on the 8th inst., between two men named Gardner and Paget. Forty rounds were fought in one hour and forty-eight minutes, when the fight was decided against Paget for a foul blow.

THE O'BALDWIN-ROOKE-WATTS IMBROGLIO.—We direct attention to the card and enclosures of George Rooke concerning that Providence benefit, which will be found elsewhere in this department.

MATCH FOR A PURSE.—We are informed that Marcellus Baker, of Bangor, Me., is matched to fight Tom Milletti, for a purse of not less than $200, about the 15th inst.

BILLIARDS.

THE PROPOSED MATCH BETWEEN RYALL AND DION.

Quite a while ago a proposition emanating from Montreal, C. E., was made to R. T. Ryall, of Philadelphia, the substance of which was, that Cyrille Dion, of that city, would play him a home-and-home match for $250 a side each game, consisting of 1,500 points, caroms, pushing shots barred. The presumption was, that a four-pocket table was meant. Now, it happens (and this has been the chief, if not the only obstacle to matches between Philadelphia players and those of other cities), that in that city pretty much all the playing is done on carom tables, while elsewhere throughout the States, and likewise in the Canadas, four-pocket tables are used. Not caring to play a game which he had not practised for two years, viz: pushing shots barred—Ryall made a counter-proposition, to the effect that Dion and himself should try issues at the regular game, which, since it admits of pushing and jawing, is made up quite as much of shots that are intrinsically foul, as of shots that are indubitably fair. Assuming that Dion preferred a four-pocket table, and knowing that he himself preferred a carom table, Ryall suggested that each should yield a point with regard to the table—in other words, that one game be played on a four-pocket table, and the other on a table without pockets. This, though in one respect it ran counter to Dion's, was a very fair proposition. About two months afterwards, or last week, Dion closed with Ryall on the latter's terms,—merely suggesting, that, 'as more in accordance with the spirit of the age,' both games be played on a pocket-table, and with the push shot barred." The "spirit of the age" is one thing, however, and a man's money quite another; and while, particularly as to barring the push shot, the CLIPPER is fully *en rapport* with "the spirit of the age," it appears that Ryall, although in favor of a general abandonment of the push, is not prepared to initiate the change at his own expense; and so is not likely to second Dion's suggestion with regard to dispensing with the shot in the contemplated home-and-home match. Moreover, having concluded that the Canadian player was not disposed to accept his proposition, he had, just prior to Dion's tardy reply, entered into other engagements, which for the time being preclude any match-playing on his part. However, he declares that he will, at the earliest possible moment, make the match on the terms he himself proposed, and which have been accepted, substantially, by Mr. Dion. Scanning with hopeful eyes the horizon of the world of sport, we think we perceive indications that *some* day there will be a contest at billiards docketed "Philadelphia vs. Somewhere Else."

AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.—Melvin Foster is satisfying everybody by his play in practice, and there is no doubt that he will be liberally backed from this city when he meets McDevitt in Chicago. On Saturday last we saw him double-discount a player of about Wicks' speed, in a game of 500 points. Foster won the game off-hand, and afterwards double-discounted his opponent in a game of 300 points. This he ran out, mainly off the two reds. It has been agreed to play the match at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago. The precise time has not been agreed upon, but it will be about the latter part of March. McDevitt has requested Thomas Foley to make all needful arrangements, and Messrs. Phelan & Collender have volunteered to send on a new table expressly for the match. McDevitt was in Ohama last week, in company with John W. Coon.

EXCESSIVE TAXATION.—The roomkeepers of New Orleans have petitioned the Common Council of that city to reduce the tax on billiard tables, which is $110 for each from all sources, and to which it has been contemplated to add $35 more, as a city tax. A room with twelve tables, which prior to 1864 was taxed $410 per annum, it is now sought to tax $1,620. The petition is signed by the following gentlemen, proprietors of rooms having from seven to twenty-four tables:—M. M. Miller, Southern Saloon, 22 tables; Chas. Lacome, St. Charles Hall, 10 tables; A. W. Merriam, Crescent Hall Rooms, 24 tables; Geo. H. Clark, Orleans Rooms, 7 tables; P. Caro, St. Louis Rooms, 8; John McElhare, Canal Street Rooms, 8 tables; Chas. Quade, Gravier Street Rooms, 8 tables.

DION VS. FOSTER.—As yet nothing has been received from Joseph Dion, in response to Chris. O'Connor's proposition for a match between him and Foster, for $500 or $1,000 a side, the game to be played at the Academy of Music, in this city, and the proceeds, aside from the stake, to be applied to the relief of the White family. It is to be hoped that the match will be made, both in the interest of true sport and for charity's sake.

OPENING IN PHILADELPHIA.—It is thought that the new room at the American Hotel, Philadelphia, will be opened on the 17th inst. It will be a monster of its kind, as on one floor there are to be sixteen Standard American tables. Among the notable players who are to assist at the "house-warming" are Michael Phelan, of this city, and R. T. Ryall, superintendent of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.

TO SCHENECTADY BILLIARDISTS.—Patrick (alias Yankee) Sullivan sends us a document from the above named New York town, challenging any billiard player therein, to play any one of them 500 or 1,000 points for $50 or $100 a side. He is ready with his money all the time at his saloon in State street.

WICKS BEATEN BY DENNISON.—William Wicks, amateur, and Frank Dennison, professional, played the French game at Brainted's Rooms, 16 Fourth Avenue, on Wednesday evening, 5th inst. The number of points was 100, and the amount contended for $100. Dennison won the match quite easily.

ANOTHER ROOM IN BROOKLYN.—About the 20th inst., Mr. Alexander Samuells, assisted by William Wicks, will open a room with fourteen Standard American tables on Washington street, Brooklyn.

CHAMPION POOLIST.—If we are to credit the New Orleans papers, there is now a Spaniard in that city who gives the best pool-players there the odds of a "show," and beats them at that.

CHANGE OF HANDS.—It is reported that Pierre Carme has given up business at the corner of Broadway and Houston street, and that Michael Geary will hereafter "run the machine."

PEDESTRIANISM.

LITTLE SPIN BETWEEN TYROS.—Considerable amusement was furnished the select few who chanced to be in the neighborhood at the time, by a pedalistic contest which eventuated between a couple of amateurs in the Coal City recently. The competitors, Tom Hadley and Will Reddle, got into a discussion at the Hotel de Hare in regard to their pedestrian powers, and after a war of words and several liquid smiles, they mutually agreed to put the matter to a practical test by indulging in a spin from Pitt to St. Clair streets, a distance of about three hundred yards, scratch start. Doffing their silk plugs, Shakespeare collars, Bismarcks and other superfluous articles, which go to add to the exterior appearance of the masculine "human form divine," the novices took up their allotted positions, and at the signal got away to a good start, Hadley in the van. Tom didn't long retain the lead, however, for ere half the distance had been traversed the elongated nether extremities of Riddle pushed his attenuated frame to the fore, and though Sir Thomas struggled manfully to regain his advantage his "struggles were in vain," and William the Conqueror finished the dash several feet to the good. The time made wasn't bad for amateurs, and considerable currency changed hands upon the issue—in lieu for "gumbo," and other ills that flesh is "hare" to. The defeated aspirant not being satisfied there is another sprint on the tapis, to take place shortly. James Eachus also expresses his determination to try his mettle with the winner of the above, so that there seems a prospect of a revival of pedestrian sport in that section through the humble instrumentality of "these young men."

THREE MILE SPIN OUT WEST.—A couple of trim-built and fleet limbed denizens of the Garden City, named respectively W. Collins and Hank Edwards, competed, we are informed, in a foot race, distance three miles, at St. Louis Cross, near that city, for $300 a side, on the 1st inst. The word was given shortly after 3 o'clock P. M. and a fair start effected. Collins quickly sped to the fore and completed the first mile in 4:39 to Edwards' 4:41½. Collins maintained the lead throughout, making the second mile in 5:05 to E.'s 5:25 and the third in 6:47 to his opponent's 7:06, thus winning the match in the aggregate time of 16 minutes 31 seconds.

ANOTHER LONG DISTANCE WALKING MATCH.—We are informed that a couple of amateur pedestrians, now residing at Milwaukee, Wis., named Willie Price and Johnny Cromwell, who each lost and won in the late war, have been matched to walk from that place to Jefferson, Texas, a distance of nearly three thousand miles, for $1,500. The forfeit money, $200, we believe, was posted on the 15th ult. The men are both in training near Milwaukee, and the proposed arduous contest is regarded with much interest thereaway.

WALKING AGAINST TIME.—On the 1st inst. a walking match for $300 against the scythe beater is said to have taken place at Stamford, Ct., Thomas Henri being backed to walk 15 miles in 2½ hours, his backers laying $20o to $100. He began at a rapid pace, accomplishing the first eight miles in an hour and fifteen minutes, and finally winning with five minutes to spare. The ground was not in the best of condition.

FAST WALKING.—Daniel Gaety, "the celebrated Californian pedestrian," is said to have lately walked a distance of one mile and three rods in 8 minutes and 45 seconds, at Buffalo, N. Y., on a wager of $50. He is said to be desirous of risking from $150 to $500 that he can do it in eight minutes.

A CHANCE FOR WESTON.—A responsible sporting man of this city is prepared to match an Unknown against E. P. Weston to walk from one to twenty miles, even, or will accept half an hour in fifty miles, or an hour in one hundred miles, and make the match from $1,000 upwards. Let us hear from Weston's backer.

ADSETTS AND WILLIAMS.—Another match has been made between W. H. Adsetts and Ed. Williams, to run 150 yards, Williams to receive five yards start, inside, for $400 a side, to run on the 17th inst., on the Fair Grounds, Pottsville, Pa.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON MATCH BETWEEN TAYLOR AND MOUNTAIN.

On Tuesday, 4th inst., a match at one hundred single birds each was shot at Trenton, N. J., between those well known knights of the trigger, John Taylor, of Jersey City, and William Mountain, of Philadelphia, Pa., which, through force of circumstances, 'tis said, resulted in a tie. We have received the subjoined account of the affair from a correspondent, and if the statements therein made are true, Mr. Taylor was most shamefully treated, and he will consult his own interests in future by refusing to engage in any more matches in that section. Such outrageous conduct, while reflecting discredit upon the perpetrators, is calculated to bring the sport into disrepute, and the only proper way to put an end to it is to give all places where it is exhibited a wide berth. Read the following:—

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Feb. 5, 1868.

ED. CLIPPER.—The conduct of the friends of Mr. Mountain in his match with John Taylor, shot at Trenton yesterday, was disgraceful in the extreme. It was plain to be seen that they had determined to prevent Mr. T. winning, and efforts to intimidate him was the order from beginning to end. When one of Taylor's birds fell inside the bound's dead, the leader of the gang tried to kick it out and did kick it some distance; another bird dropped dead some 60 yards from the trap, when one of the gang ran up before Taylor could get hold of it, picked it up and threw it nearly out of bounds again, on the 50th shot, another of Taylor's birds dropped, when they drove it away. All these acts and many others were boldly done by them directly in the face of Mr. Taylor and his friends, who, not being prepared, were not able to cope with them. It was remarkable how well Mr. Taylor shot under such circumstances, but he faced them boldly and expressed himself forcibly upon the acts committed by them; for they openly bragged they were strong enough to control the match, that Mr. Mountain should not lose it, if it had to be broken up in a row. When the match was nearly over, a proposition was made to Taylor to make it a draw, which proposition he immediately accepted and the match by consent of both parties, was declared a draw, and all side bets declared off, which was all Mr. Taylor could do, as he would not be allowed to win, and it was apparent that Mr. Mountain could not out shoot him. The score was as follows:—

Taylor.—1111111111101111111111011011111111101000101111111111111111111011111111111011111111101111—killing 89 out of 100.

Mountain.—1110111011111011111111111111111111111111101011101111111110111110111111111111011111111111111101111—killing 80 out of 100.

A LOOKER ON.

PIGEON POPPING IN THE WEST.—A pigeon match took place at Keokuk, Iowa, on the 31st ult., between the Warsaw and Keokuk Clubs, half a dozen on a side, each man shooting at six birds, 21 yards rise, 80 boundary, with 1 oz. shot. The result was as follows:—

WARSAW.		KEOKUK.	
G. B. Worthen	6	J. Siannus	3
D. A. Gardner	2	T. Bowden	1
G. Badgers	2	W. Siannus	4
J. Coolidge	4	W. Berg	1
J. B. Cahill	0	J. Limberg	1
J. B. Hill	5	J. Dallery	3
Total	20	Total	13

This is quite a triumph for the Warsaw Club, which is a new organization, while the Keokuk has been in existence for years. The K's. will have to stir themselves or clear the track.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW YORK CIRCUS,
Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT.....DIRECTOR
MATINEES AT 2½.
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
GREATEST BILL OF THE SEASON!
Rentree of the Great Russian Athlete,
PFAU! PFAU! PFAU! PFAU! PFAU!
PFAU! PFAU! PFAU! PFAU! PFAU!
Who will appear in his
THRILLING AND WONDERFUL FEATS
UPON THE FLYING TRAPEZE.
THE YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL AND INTREPID
EQUESTRIAN ARTISTE,
MISS LUCILLE WATSON,
MISS LUCILLE WATSON,
IN HER GREAT SENSATION ACT.
A GALAXY OF STARS,
EQUESTRIAN, GYMNASTIC AND ACROBATIC,
45-1t* IN NOVEL AND VARIED PERFORMANCES.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, 585 Broadway.
The trouble commences at quarter to eight.
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD & BACKUS'
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
First week of UNDER THE KEROSENE LAMP, in one act and three scenes, introducing the celebrated SORREL SISTERS.
SCENE I.—Street, no it taint, its a Garden—Hunting up Young Gals in Distress—His Residence, Pier 30. SCENE II.—Interior—Judas Sees a Noise—Byke Smells a Footstep—Off to Short Branch to Rob the Hen Roost—Snorky Suspects Fowl Murder—"I'll Stop That Lay." SCENE III.—Strawberry Railroad Station—The Train Attempts to Pass—Who You Pushing—Quick Curtain. 45-1t*

INTERNATIONAL DRAMATIC, MUSICAL AND EQUESTRIAN Agency.
LOWELL & SIMMONDS PROPRIETORS
609 BROADWAY NEW YORK

THE HANLON BROTHERS,
THOMAS [illegible]
In conjunction with their newly organized
EUROPEAN COMBINATION TROUPE,
recently arrived from Europe, appear during the present week at Young Men's Hall, Detroit, and will perform in all the principal cities of America in rapid succession.
All business communications must be addressed
45-1t LOWELL & SIMMONDS, 609 Broadway.

THE WHITE FAWN.
The undersigned hereby give notice that the Spectacular Fairy Extravaganza of the White Fawn has been copyrighted, and that the mechanical effects and scenery have been patented. Any person using the title or any colorable imitation of the play or its effects, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
WHEATLEY, JARRETT & PALMER.
Managers desirous of securing the right of production of the White Fawn, as performed at Niblo's, can do so by applying to our authorized agents, LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
45-1t 609 Broadway.

WANTED--To know the Address of every reputable member of the Dramatic, Equestrian and Musical Profession; also lines of business and lowest terms. No charge made for registry. LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
45-1t 609 Broadway.

NEW TEMPLE OF MUSIC,
920 BUSH STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
LESLIE, RAYNOR & SMITH.....PROPRIETORS
This magnificent little place of refined and intellectual amusement is now open to the public, and is one of the most fashionable and popular places of amusement on the Pacific Slope.
FIRST CLASS MINSTREL TALENT
wishing to visit California will be liberally treated with by applying to our authorized agents,
LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
45-1t 609 Broadway.

THE ALHAMBRA,
BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
A. H. SMITH & CO.....PROPRIETORS
The above named establishment will be opened on or about the First day of April, 1868, as
A FIRST CLASS VARIETY THEATRE,
similar to the ALHAMBRA IN LONDON, under the management of W. H. SMITH. The auditorium will be thirty feet in heighth, sixty feet deep, with a width of sixty-seven feet, and is designed to afford comfortable accommodation to one thousand five hundred people. The entire theatre will be furnished with all the modern improvements of the day, thus making one of the largest and most comfortable places of amusement for a similar entertainment ever built on the Pacific coast. First class talent treated on the most liberal terms, by applying to our authorized agents, LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
45-1t 609 Broadway, N. Y.

DAVIS & CO. THEATRICAL AGENCY CINCINNATI, O.
P. O. BOX 252.

MANAGERS supplied with Talent on Short Notice. Engagements always open for ladies and gentlemen NO NOTICE TAKEN OF LETTERS IN WHICH STAMPS ARE NOT ENCLOSED AND SALARIES STATED. OFFICE CORNER ELM AND SIXTH STS., UNDER CLIFTON HOUSE. 45-1t*

SPECIAL NOTICE.--Wanted Immediately, for a RESPONSIBLE traveling company, a leading lady, singing

LAMENTABLE DIRGE

On the Death of one who was Accidentally Shot.

it was on June the tenth
our hearts were very sad
for it was by an awfull accident
we lost a fine young lad

Jeames Hambrick was his name
and alas it was his lot
to you I tell the same
he was accidently shot

on the peacus river side
the sun was very hot
and its there he fell and died
where he was accidently shot

On the road his character good
without a stain or blot
and in our opinions growed
until he was accidently shot

a few words only he spoke
for moments he had not
and only then he seemed to choke
I was accidently shot

we wraped him in a blanket good
for coffin we had not
and then we buried him where he stood
when he was accidently shot

and as we stood around his grave
our tears the ground did blot
we prayed his soul to save
he was accidently shot

GAMBLING IN GERMANY.

The Closing and Opening of a Couple of Rhine Kursaals.

THE SALONS DE JEU.—Curiosity, accidental proximity to the spot, dyspepsia, a passion for play, the desire to put an elaborate mathematical calculation, which had been revolving in my brain for months, to the test, one, or more, or possibly none of these reasons, took me to Hombourg vor der Hohe—Hombourges monts—Hombourg among the mountains as it is called, to distinguish it from other Hombourgs far and near—just as March was piping his farewell symphonies by way of prelude to the coming spring. The weather, which was unusually cold, became more chilly as the evening drew in. The Taunus mountains were a mass of deep opaque blue, against which the white walls of Hombourg Schloss stood out in full relief. Hombourg, for the time of year, seemed to be overflowing with life. A perfect crowd alighted from the railway train. Droskies rattled along the Luisenstrasse. The Kursaal was ablaze with light. Stylishly dressed women and men, in evening and lounging costume, paced the long corridor or flitted through the anterooms. The concert hall was three parts filled. The *salons de jeu*, if not inconveniently crowded, had their full complement of players. There were the same calculating old fogies, the same blasé looking young men, the same young girls and full-blown women, with a nervous quivering about the lips, the same old sinners of both sexes whom one has known at these places the last ten or fifteen years, busily engaged at *trente et quarante*. At the roulette table, too, one had no difficulty in recognizing the old familiar set. The handsome-looking young Russian noble who spots the board with louis—the fat bejeweled-fingered Jew who seeks to emulate the Muscovite seigneur with florins—the Englishman and his wife, evidently residents—who play against each other, quite unconsciously, at opposite ends of the table—the youthful, yet "used-up" little French marquis, who dresses in the English fashion, and brings with him his own particular pocket rake, that he may hook in his golden rouleaux the more readily—the elegantly dressed, shriveled, hagfaced woman who plays for the run on the colors—the nervous, careworn young Englishman, who plays heavily against the see-saw, with other nervous fellow-countrymen staking their rouleaux or their double Fredericks on *douse premier, milieu*, or *dernier*—professional gamblers, well and ill-dressed, with sharply-defined Mephistophelean features, quick, restless eyes and villainously compressed lips, who, after trying all systems, generally get landed croupiers or blacklegs in the end—seedy-looking Poles of the last emigration, who prudently place their florins *a cheval, transversal* and *le carre*, and deep, calculating Germans, who make ventures with painful hesitation, and after long intervals of abstention, as a matter of course, almost invariably lose; with *filles du monde*—French, German, English, Polish, Italian and Jewish—of every nationality—most of them young—so young, in fact, that the world may well be called their mother, robed like princesses, and be-coiffured, be-jeweled and be-gloved as only *filles du monde* ever seem to be, and who lay down their louis with charming indifference, though with a decided partiality for "quatre premier" and "zero." These, with the watchful old women and Germans of hang-dog look that beset every public gambling table, waiting for a chance to pounce upon the stakes of the more unsuspecting players, are some of the characters which we recognised around the roulette table that night, when the play ruled high and the players were more than usually eager. It wants but little more than a minute to eleven, the hour the bank closes. Croupier proclaims that the wheel is about to whirl, and the marble be set spinning for the last time. As is commonly the case after this notification has been given, the stakes are numerous and heavy. Nervous young Englishman has half a dozen 1,000-franc notes on "rouge"—Muscovite seigneur has burst open three rouleaux to spot the board—fat fingered Jew tries to follow suit with florins—puny-looking French marquis piles up his notes on "passe"—deep calculating Germans once more put their systems to the test—shriveled old woman in satins still plays for the "run"—gamblers of every degree back their luck—young *filles du monde*, this time, languidly push their louis to any part of the table except "zero." The wheel revolves; click goes the marble, careering along on its uncertain course. "*Rein ve na plus.*" The marble has ceased its gyrations, the revolutions of the wheel are checked, and "Zero"—"O word of fear, unwelcome to the gambler's ear"—is proclaimed aloud by the croupier. The bank sweeps the board,* hauls in by this one *coup* upwards of £1,000 sterling, at which Muscovite seigneur—care-worn, nervous Englishman—puny-looking, used-up Gallic marquis—hag in satins—seedy Poles—fat-fingered Jews, deep-pondering Germans, professional gamblers, and *filles du monde*, retire from the *salon* in disgust.

DEATH AT THE HUNTING LODGE.—This, though no one suspected it at the time, was the last whirl of the Hombourg roulette wheel for many a day to come—pity it were not for ever—that wheel which has been revolving for twelve hours per diem, save on one day in the year (the *fete* day of the patron saint of the town) ever since the inauguration of the Kursaal, "after an appropriate service, and with the usual solemnities," on the 17th day of August, 1843, a period of well-nigh a quarter of a century. For on the following morning, in a lone hunting-lodge at the end of the stately poplar avenue, and on the skirts of the fir-forest that stretches to the foot of the Taunus mountains, while the snow flakes are drifting against the window-panes, and settling on the roof, an old man of eighty-three lies wrestling with death. When life, at upwards of four-score, is summoned to so unequal a contest, who doubts of the result? Precisely at seven o'clock, Ferdinand Henry Frederick, high-born sovereign-landgrave of Hesse-Hombourg, and oldest reigning prince in Europe, expired in the arms of two weeping, widowed women—one his niece, the Princess Reuss, the other his aged sister, the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Landgrave Ferdinand Henry Frederick was the last survivor of a family of eight brothers, four of whom preceded him in the government of the Landgravate. He succeeded to the Landgravate at an unfortunate moment—in the year of revolution, 1848—when, like many other potentates, he found himself forced to confer a constitution on his subjects, which, like other potentates, he withdrew so soon as all danger was past. Landgrave Ferdinand's distinguishing characteristic was, however, this—he was the champion of public gambling, a true paladin of the croup, who set the Frankfort Parliament at defiance, and disregarded all remonstrances on the part of his fellow sovereigns earnestly desirous of putting down a gigantic evil, of getting rid of a monstrous public scandal, the disgrace of which they felt attached itself to the entire German people. Ferdinand simply looked at the matter from one point of view. He found that by driving a hard bargain with the gang of French and German speculators who farmed from him the right of keeping open the gambling *salons* at Hombourg, he could have the town paved, and lighted with gas, and supplied with water, and improved and beautified, all for nothing; and, moreover, that he could attract thither a gay company, prodigal of expenditure, and so give a fillip, as it were, to trade. Even the country people, too, shared in the common benefit, for a market was opened to them for their pigs and their poultry, their butter and their milk, their grapes, their apples and their eggs And more than this, he contrived to extract a considerable annual money payment from the Kursaal, which went some way towards the pay of his standing army of four hundred and eighty-eight men, and thereby lightened the general burden of taxation.

HOMBOURG IN SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.—Hombourg, all unconscious of the loss it had sustained, had begun to bestir itself for another routine day. Burgermeister Stumpff and Polizei-Director des Noyer were giving directions for clearing the streets of the snow, when a mounted groom, booted and spurred, and wearing the Landgrave livery, dashed into the town with a letter from Dr. Muller, Landgrave's physician in ordinary, to Burgermeister Stumpff, announcing the Landgrave's decease. The two officials were equal to the duties which they plainly saw devolved upon them. The Burgermeister writes hurried notes to Military Commandant and Chief Justice Zurbuch, and summons a meeting of councillors at the Amthaus; municipal official telegram is dispatched to the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, and the requisite steps are taken to carry on the government of the town and Landgravate until his Serene Highness' pleasure shall become known. Military Commandant does not think it necessary to take any special precautions; the sentinels are not even doubled, nor are the troops generally ordered to remain under arms. Shopkeepers close up their shops again, and engage in earnest conversation with each other at their doorsteps; hotel keepers pull long faces; money changers are the very pictures of despair. Kurhaus-Commissars meet and issue orders for the doors of the *salons de jeu* to be doubled-locked, for the band to be prohibited from playing, for a *relache* at the Theatre Francais, and for a written notice to be immediately affixed in the vestibule of the Kursaal, apprising visitors and the public generally that "in token of mourning for the loss of their high-born, well beloved sovereign Landgrave, the *salons de jeu* are closed until further notice." All of which is duly done.

EXCITEMENT AT THE KURSAAL.—News, like the railway train, travels anything but briskly in small German States, even when it chances to tell of a ruler's death; and those who heard of the event at last were precisely those who thought they ought to have been apprised of it the first. These were the patrons of the Kursaal. Precisely at eleven o'clock they began to sally forth from the different hotels, sauntered leisurely into the Kurhaus, passed along the handsome corridor, crossed the vestibule, took the well known lobby on the left hand that leads into the large ante-room, tried the doors of the *salons de jeu*, and found them—locked! Yes, there was no mistake about it, actually locked! What on earth had happened? Had some dishonest director or croupier bolted in the night with all the cash, and left the bank without the wherewithal to meet its foes? More than one astonished individual had, according to his own account, known Hombourg Kursaal for upwards of twenty years, and such a thing had never happened before. Where were all the officials? Where the tall *chasseurs* who did flunkey's duty at the Kurhaus? One and all were absent from their posts. To whom was one to appeal for an explanation? At length the notice-board is referred to, and there—hemmed in by a crowd of announcements of yesterday's rates of exchange on the Frankfort Bourse, of the times of departure and arrival of the railway trains, of the programmes of the day's concerts and the evening's theatrical performance, of the prohibition against children entering the *salons de jeu*—and grown people even—without duly authorised tickets of the terms for lessons in German, music and singing—the official notification (drawn up by order of Kurhaus Commissars) of the Landgrave's death, and the consequent closing of the *salons*, is discovered and read, and re-read, word for word. Deeply disgusted individual presents himself at Commissariat bureau; asks for an explanation of that dubious phrase "until further notice." Does it mean next day, next week, next month or next year? Kurhaus Commissioner is very polite, but he can afford him no more exact information than can be gleaned from the notice itself. Disgusted individual retires, and communicates the result of his interview to the crowd of disappointed gamblers who have by this time assembled in the vestibule. Discussion soon becomes animated. "What's the best thing to do?" each one asks his fellow; "remain in this dull hole, or run over to Frankfort or Wiesbaden?" Among the Babel of tongues one overhears this little dialogue between two indignant fellow countrymen:—"When will they bury him?" "Can't say." "It won't be long first, for they have a capital law abroad, you know; corpses mustn't be kept above ground for more than eight-and-forty hours." "Yes, but he's a Landgrave." "What of that? Why, didn't the papers the other day have an account of a French bishop, who had been buried alive, petitioning the Senate against this law, and it wouldn't listen to him? Surely a French bishop—and he was a cardinal, too, I think—is as good as any German Landgrave. Besides, he's eighty-three; not much chance of his ever coming to life again. I don't see why they shouldn't tuck the old boy underground within the next eight-and-forty hours, and fling open the doors of the Kursaal." "Yes but you see, German people are so confoundedly slow. What Sterne says is quite true—they do manage these things better in France."

A PATENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—On Sunday morning, when the Hombourg people turned out of their beds, they found the town placarded over with a "Patent," signed by Ludwig II, Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, wherein was set forth the death of the high-born Sovereign Landgrave, Ferdinand Henry Frederick, and, in accordance with treaties, the consequent absorption of the Landgravate into the parent Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt; whereupon the Grand Duke notifies that he assumes the reins of government, and enjoins due and loving submission to his lawful authority. On the heels of this patent comes a notice from the Grand Ducal Chamberlain commanding a fortnight's mourning for the late well-beloved Landgrave, who, dressed up in his Austrian Field Marshal Lieutenant's uniform, is to lie in state in the Hall of Audience of the gaunt old Schloss, with his shako and his cavalry sabre, and his stars and garters at the coffin's foot. April 8th is appointed a day of "penitence and prayer" (*Buss-und-Bettag*). The effect of this on the visitors is electric. Hotel bills are hastily called for, portmanteaus are hurriedly packed; luggage-laden droskies rattle along the Luisenstrasse, bound for the railway station, where it is found necessary to add on extra carriages to the departing trains. It is a stampede, in fact—one would think Hombourg was plague-stricken. Deserted are the handsome corridors and splendid *salons* of the Kursaal, deserted the reading rooms and the restaurant, the terrace and the Kurgartens, the baths and the wells, the hotels and the lodging houses. Hotel and lodging house keepers, bankers and money-changers, shopkeepers, waiters, commissioners, porters, drosky-drivers, even the director of the "Lombard" establishment, all contribute their notes of wailing to the universal moan.

WIESBADEN.—SPECULATIONS.—Finding one's self the last remaining visitor in Hombourg, which under its gayest aspects is anything but a lively town, and in sackcloth and ashes is simply intolerable, we pack up our portmanteau, and, following the stream of emigration, turn our back upon the place. I had for several days past observed advertisements, in unusually large type on the back pages of the foreign journals, announcing the "Ouverture du Kursaal" at Wiesbaden on April 1st, so to Wiesbaden I betook myself, that I might be present at the coming ceremony.

NOTES OF PREPARATION.—Well, we are at Wiesbaden, which there is no need to describe for the thousandth and first time.

"OPENING DAY."—The eventful morning has arrived at last. Wiesbaden puts on a holiday aspect. People are abroad in their gayest apparel. The railway trains bring crowds of strangers. The living stream flows steadily towards the Kursaal. What numbers of pretty girls, all seemingly so happy; what a multitude of handsome children, charming little maidens, and beautiful, fair-haired, chubby-faced boys. How is it that these last grow up, for the most part, such plain looking men? Is it the smoking and the beer drinking that do the mischief? The pipe, we know, is hardly ever out, and there are beer gardens where the *kellner* watches your flagon, and replenishes it when empty with lightning speed—where the rule is to fill and evermore to fill until the command be given to stop. No wonder that he who drinks beer not only thinks beer, as Longfellow says, but looks beer as well. Somewhat before ten o'clock a crowd of well-dressed and, to all appearance, most respectable-looking men—many of them possibly fathers of families and props of the State—congregate around one of the side entrances, and are instantly admitted. These, reader, you would hardly believe to be the croupiers—that unfortunate race villified of all men. To what lower level do they descend when age and infirmities overtake them—when they are no longer quick of eye, and the hand has lost its cunning? It is commonly believed that, victims to the fascination of play, on receipt of their salaries they resort to some neighboring kursaal, and there work out their little systems until they have parted with their last florin. In this case they can put nothing by. Possibly the Rhine potentates who encourage public gambling and the administrations of the different kursaals, with M. Benazet and M. Blanc at their head, [illegible] for these men in their advanced years—an asylum, in fact, for meritorious, aged and infirm croupiers. After the croupiers come other individuals of greater importance—Kurhaus Commissars, directors and inspectors, who are received with every demonstration of respect by the doorkeepers; but there is neither ducal presence, nor representatives, nor chamberlain, nor military escort. Crowds of eager strangers are congregated outside the building, vainly endeavoring to peer into what is going on inside. At length the windows of the *salons de jeu* are flung open, as if to say to the assembled multitude, "Come and see for yourselves; all is ready, and precisely as the clock strikes eleven play will commence." And true enough there are the tables covered with the well known *tapis vert*—there the tall chairs of the croupiers and the coups themselves arranged on either side of the roulette wheel in symmetrical fashion. The roulette wheel itself is boxed up, and as yet there are no rouleaux in the *caisses*; but bide awhile, all will be complete in due course. The windows are closed again, and as eleven o'clock draws nigh, I saunter into the *salon* to see what is going forward. The opening ceremony proved to be a very simple one. Round the table are grouped the croupiers; presently enters a stalwart Kursaal flunkey, in dark blue livery and the stiffest of starched cravats, attended by croupiers on either side, and bearing on his shoulder a heavy oaken, brass-bound chest, which he deposits on the *tapis vert*. Following him comes Kurhaus Commissar with key of said chest, which he flings down triumphantly on the table. The chest is double and treble unlocked, and a large leathern bag taken out of it, from whence are taken numerous smaller leathern bags filled with rouleaux and demi-rouleaux of Fredericks d'or and double Fredericks d'or, of louis, of florins and double florins, thalers and five-franc pieces. These are all systematically arranged on the table, and Kurhaus Commissar, producing a formidable-looking tabular document, seats himself, and calls first for the bank notes, which are taken from a little green case which opens and shuts with a secret spring. These being counted and found correct, the rouleaux of gold and silver coin are next told over, every croupier eye watching to see that no mistake is made. All seems to be right, for Kurhaus Commissar folds up the paper and rises from his seat. Chief croupiers, under inspector's superintendence, now proceeded to fill the *caisses* with bank notes and coin—in other words, to make what is called the bank. At this moment the strains of martial music are heard, the doors of the *salons* are thrown wide open, and a stream of people flows in. Here are officers in various uniforms—in long white great coats and long green ditto; in short white tunics with blue or scarlet collars and cuffs; short green tunics embroidered with gold lace, and dark rifle green tunics embroidered with black braid; many among them booted and spurred, and with their cavalry sabres clanking on the ground. Here, too, are elegantly dressed, matronly-looking women, and the prettiest of *frauleins* in the most piquant of costumes, and grave heads of families of portly presence, and men and women of various nationalities, old and middle-aged and young, including clerks and shopkeepers, idle people, professed gamblers, chance tourists, and simple holiday folk. Ah! come ye on to your inevitable fate—wasps, butterflies, bluebottles, bees, drones, gnats, gadflies, though you be, you are all destined, sooner or later, to be broken on yonder roulette wheel by these modern "Bandits of the Rhine."

* When "Zero" turns up at the last round the bank sweeps away all the stakes.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Cooke had a sovereign contempt for private theatricals, and used to relate a story in point, told by Garrick. The English Roscius having been invited to see a play performed by lords, knights, honorables and ladies, he, with all the delicacy of a gentleman, sat not only patiently, but expressed his approbation to the nobility and gentry who surrounded and attentively observed him. It was.—"Well,"—"Very well,"—"Ah! very well indeed; very fair," &c. At length, in the subordinate character of the piece, (all the great parts having been duly distributed to the great folks,) a Provincial actor, who was unknown to Garrick, and had been hired as a kind of drill sergeant, made his appearance. As soon as Roscius saw him and heard him speak, his eyes were fixed, and without thinking of the inference, he exclaimed, "Ah, ha! I see they have got an actor among them." Some of our readers will call to mind certain actors they have seen, and then perhaps exclaim, "These ladies and gentlemen must have been very bad indeed."

ON THE CHARACTER OF OPHELIA.

BY GOETHE.

Of Ophelia much need not be said: her character is completed by a few master strokes, her whole essence consists in ripe, sensual feeling. Her inclination for the prince, to whose hand she is entitled to pretend, flows so entirely from this fountain; the good heart resigns itself so completely to its desires, that her father and brother both fear, and both warn her in direct and even gross terms. Decorum, like the gauze on her bosom, cannot hide the emotion of her heart; it is rather a betrayer of these gentle sensations. Her imagination is infected: her still modesty breathes voluptuous desire; and should the convenient goddess opportunity shake the tree, the fruit would fall forthwith.

When she sees herself abandoned, rejected, put to shame; when the mind of her lover is turned topsy turvy; and instead of the sweet goblet of love, he presents her the bitter cup of sorrow; her heart breaks, and the whole frame of her existence starts out of its joints; her father's death then falls on it, and crushes the beautiful structure to atoms.

But should not the poet, it may be said, have put different songs in her mouth during her madness! Could he not have chosen fragments out of melancholy ballads? Why provide a noble virgin with *double entendres*, and scraps of indecent ditties?

In this I cannot abate a tittle. In these singularities, and in this seeming indecorum, there is a profound meaning. We know at the outset with what idea the mind of the poor girl is occupied. She lived quietly to herself, but scarcely hid her wishings and longings. The tones of wantonness secretly sounded in her soul; and how often, like an improvident nurse, may she have tried to lull the feelings to rest with songs that only served to rouse them the more? At last, when she has lost all command over herself, and her heart dwells upon her tongue, that tongue becomes her betrayer; and, in the innocence of insanity, she diverts herself in the presence of the king and queen with the echo of her beloved amatory airs; of the maid who was won; of the maid who steals to her lover's chamber.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

In the winter of 1843 I found myself in the south-west of England. I had been on a visit to a widowed sister; and, as was the general custom in those days, especially in the south, I made a considerable portion of the journey on horseback. In going thence, I took the railroad until I got beyond its domain, when I took refuge in the antiquated coach that had rolled over the same route for many years. The driver, too, I was told, had driven the stage for twenty years, so that it seemed to me that I had been transported back to the primeval times of my grandfather.

I found, after a day's jolting in the stage, that the nearest point to my sister's house possible for me to attain was considerably over thirty miles. At the old weather-beaten inn, with its creaking sign, representing George the Third, and painted while that illustrious gentleman was in his flesh, I found a noble black horse awaiting me. My sister, expecting me, and not knowing at what time I would arrive, had sent one of her servants down with the horse, fully saddled and bridled, where he had been left, and groomed several days by the little fat landlord, awaiting my coming. As every journey to the tavern involved a travel of over sixty miles, it will be seen that the course my sister took was in every respect the best.

On being informed by the landlord of the means by which I was to complete my journey, I found myself in a dilemma. It was so near noon that I could not think of starting without first taking my dinner. This made the time to nightfall so short that it was out of the question to think of reaching my destination that day. In fact, the landlord told me that the roads were always so bad that it was considered a good two days' work to make a journey to my sister's house and back.

Prudence told me to remain where I was until morning, but my sister was the only one I had ever been given, and we had not met since her visit to London five years' before. She was as anxious to see me as I was to see her; and the picture of her cheerful home, and the cordial welcome that awaited me, was so vivid that I would have done anything almost that would have shortened the time between our meeting.

Finally, after debating within myself so earnestly as to destroy almost entirely my appetite, I decided to commence my journey at once. When overtaken by night, I could remain at some of the inns along the way, and there would be that much less distance to travel in the morning; while, if the road should prove passable, and the night not very dark, I had secretly resolved to press forward until daylight, if I did not reach my destination before.

I should remark that I had never been over this route before, and could only tell when the estate was reached by the descriptions of it that we had received from her. But these were so vivid that I was sure I would recognize it in an instant; especially as the house and outbuildings were entirely different from any others in the neighborhood.

It was about one o'clock that I mounted my splendid black horse. I returned the cheerful good-bye of the pursy little landlord, and struck off in an easy gallop down the narrow road. My animal was such a fine traveler, and carried me along so easily, that I felt convinced that he would never pause until he set me at the door of my sister's house. He cantered in that easy swinging style which, while it carries you rapidly forward, shows at the same time that the horse is capable of continuing it for twenty or thirty hours.

But I saw with keen regret, after going several miles, that it would be out of the question to think of completing my journey before the morrow. As I advanced the road appeared poorer, and finally degenerated so sadly that, out of mercy to my beast, I occasionally permitted him to walk.

Night was rapidly approaching, and I journeyed as fast as the condition of the roads would allow. It grew very cold, and finding it useless to urge my horse, I relapsed into a brown study, from which I was awakened by the wind blowing sharper than usual against my face. The sun was low, and partly obscured by a mass of black clouds that lowered beneath the horizon. I now began to look around me in considerable alarm. I had wandered on without taking note of passing objects; and now everything looked strange to me. Before me lay a waste, desolate track of thinly-scattered pines, and in the distance an old wooden house. This, in some degree, relieved my apprehensions. For, somehow or other, all the stories I had ever read of lost travelers, robbers, murderers or ghosts, seemed to come up before me unbidden, and would not go down. But the sight of a human habitation, the blue smoke curling from the chimney, and the cheerful crow of the cock, speedily reassured me, and brought me back to common sense.

As I approached the house and examined it closely, I observed an air of dilapidation and extreme old age about it not at all calculated to dissipate the slight tremor which still possessed me, in stopping for the night in a neighborhood of which I knew nothing, and especially in such a wild, desolate place as this.

Keenly did I regret not having remained at the cosy little inn, with its pursy, jovial landlord; but regrets were now unavailing, as I had gone too far to return. As the shadows of night began to brood over the earth, my old terror came back again. I recalled Audubon's adventure one night with an old hag in a place similar to this. But Audubon was always thoroughly armed, and upon that occasion saved his life only by a timely use of his gun. I regretted my shortsightedness in not having provided myself with a brace of pistols. As it was, I had nothing in my possession but an ordinary hunting-knife.

As I looked about me, after these reflections, I saw that a storm was brewing, and that, too, of no ordinary character. Notwithstanding it was March, the air was surcharged with electricity. A short time before, the sun had gone down under a cloud with a sort of lurid and unnatural splendor. In the west was a billowy pile voluminously massed up, big with thunder and black as Acheron. The far-off pines, which looked preternaturally dark to me, shook with the distant premonition of the tempest.

I reined up my horse for a moment and gazed around me in every direction. The silence was unbroken, save by the swift rush of the wind as it sighed through the pines, and shook down the last red leaves from the oak at my side. Occasionally the cloud in the west would part and suddenly fly asunder, disclosing a blaze of the most vivid intensity; then as suddenly flash back again, leaving the world around me blacker than before. I listened vainly for the sound of thunder. The silence was dreadful. The awfulness of the night and the mystery of the place appalled me as if I stood in the very presence of death.

At that moment a flash of lightning showed me that the door of the house was ajar; a moment after I heard the faint moaning of thunder in the distance. A red light, apparently from the hearth, streamed through the opening, and threw a weird glare over the bare patch in front of the building. There was no fence—nothing grew there. The space was covered with stones and scrubby bushes. I thought, also, that I saw the outlines of a dog moving over it; but just then the door was shut, and I was again left in the dark. The glimpse of light gave me new courage, and I proceeded in the direction of the house, which was now close at hand.

The nearer I got, the older and graver did it appear. The very configuration of its mouldy boards had an air of antiquity about it. I was just able to see that there was moss among its black shingles, when the door was reopened from within, and I entered.

I found no one inside but an old decrepit woman and child. For an instant I thought of Audubon; but I repressed the reflection, and sturdily asked for a night's lodging. I found the old crone very deaf, but, as soon as she comprehended my question, she readily consented to give me a supper and bed.

Her countenance at once disarmed my fears; for, although she was old and shrivelled, there was nothing harsh about her physiognomy. She was a very lean, withered old woman, in a faded calico gown, and an old-fashioned white cap. There was nothing very singular about her appearance, except her extraordinary height, which I remember well. The boy was one of remarkable beauty. She said he was her grandson, and that his father was dead.

The woman, after a little bending over a roaring wood-fire in the chimney-place, set before me a savory dish of mutton, with a plate of hot potatoes. My appetite, always good, was sharpened by my long ride in the cold, wintry air; and my native hardihood having now completely passed out of its brief eclipse, I did full justice to the old woman's smoking viands.

Feeling considerably fatigued, I retired early to bed. I was conducted up a very wide and somewhat rickety staircase into a large unfurnished room overhead. The floor was unplaned, and the cracks gaped, so that I could see the old woman walking nervously about in the lower apartment, apparently scouring some kitchen utensil. The same cracks afforded a partial entrance to the broad glare of the fire, which illuminated the room with a strange, fitful light. There was but one window, and many of the panes were cracked.

As I looked out I saw the storm was rapidly coming up, and would soon be upon us, in all probability, with tremendous power. There was nothing in the room but a plain bedstead of antique figure, two rush-bottomed chairs, and a long narrow hair trunk. I love to dwell upon the most trifling particulars of that night—a night that will haunt my dreams forever.

And now, in the dimness and silence of my chamber, a strange fear came over me. I could not account for it. I tried to shake it off. It still clung to me, or rather overshadowed me, like a chill, dark shadow. I am a believer in presentiments. I am fully persuaded that I had that night, in the suspicions that preceded sleep, a faint warning of the horror that was to succeed. I flung myself into bed and wrapped the covering around me, with a determination to reason myself into sense again. But what reason was powerless to do fatigue accomplished. I fell asleep.

And as I lay there sleeping I had a dream. I thought that the loneliness of the house was increased tenfold. I thought that I was alone in it, owing to some strange fantastic whim of Fortune, such as only exists in dreams. And I thought that I was lying in the same queer, quaint old bed, with its four tall spectral posts, listening to a dog that was howling round and round the house. It must have been a confusion of the dog I had seen in the bright light before the door, and the dog Mephistopheles pointed out to Faust, coursing the meadow in mysterious circles. And I thought that this same dog troubled me exceedingly, so that I could not sleep. There was something unearthly in its wail; and sometimes I thought there was blended with it another sound—a sound as of one in the extremity of mortal anguish. At last I could stand it no longer, and thought I descended to the door and opened it.

I had scarcely touched the latch when a female figure fell into my arms, and, as I thought, no pen could describe the expression of her face. It was an expression of the most fearful amazement, mingled with the most poignant suffering. She had the face of a person who had suddenly had a glimpse through the little gate in the side of the hill, which was opened for Christian and Hopeful, and seen her dearest friends in torment. And I thought that her fearful gaze was directed toward an obscure corner of the room, which had escaped my eye; and, as I turned to look in that direction, the figure of a man rose suddenly before me, out of the corner, with every limb and lineament of his body in a bright burning blaze. He seemed to me perfectly transparent; and from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he was pure flaming fire.

I stepped back aghast as this appalling vision burst upon me, and was sinking away in a fainting-fit, when the apparition suddenly seized the woman in his arms, and vanished through the roof with a shriek and a terrific clap of thunder, which awoke me.

My eyes opened upon a spectacle never to be forgotten. I knew instantly that the house was struck by lightning. The luminous fluid was darting down the wall opposite to my bed, and the room was in a blinding blaze of light. In the twinkling of an eye all was dark again.

I was terribly jarred, but otherwise unhurt. As soon as I could recover from the shock, I called to the old woman. There was no answer. The thunder was still crashing overhead. I called again with a louder voice in great alarm, but with no better success.

I then got up, slipped on my clothes, and crept down stairs.

By my watch it was a quarter past one. The lightning had passed down very near the chimney, and had left a blackened track behind. There were a few half-smothered coals on the hearth below, which seemed to give me a little light. At first I looked in vain for the woman.

At last, attracted by the scorched boards, I drew near the corner of the room opposite the door, and beheld with horror the object of my search. She was a blackened corpse. The boy was bending over her, stark blind!

When the morning of that horrible night dawned, I felt that I could never leave that boy alone. I carried him to my sister, who sent two servants to give the woman a decent burial. The boy never recovered from the loss of his grandmother, and died within a few months after, and was buried by her side.

NAUGHTY DOINGS EVERYWHERE.

A PROMINENT ACTRESS SUES FOR DIVORCE.

A PAIR OF CRABBS IN HOT WATER.

Louisa Crabb (better known as Miss Herbert, the manageress of St. James' Theatre, London, Eng.,) entered a petition for a divorce from a Mr. Crabb on the ground of adultery and desertion in the Court of Divorce on Thursday, Jan. 23d, before Sir J. P. Wilde. Dr. Spenks, Q. C. and Dr. Tristram were counsel for the petitioner and Mr. Searo acted for the respondent. The following are the details of the evidence elicited as quoted from the *Era*:—"She was married to the respondent in June, 1855, at Holy Trinity Church, Brixton, and they cohabited at Onslow-terrace and Hans-place, where a child was born in April, 1857. The rest of the case is described in the evidence. Mrs. Helen Polto: I reside at Clifton, and am sister to the petitioner. Her maiden name was Maynard. I visited her after her marriage. Mr. Crabb was a stockbroker. He lived with my sister at Hans-place, Chelsea. They appeared to be living comfortably. I visited them in 1857, shortly after the birth of their son. I stayed with them about a fortnight. There was a dispute about a servant named Jane. The petitioner had not recovered from her confinement at that time. I had found the respondent shut up with Jane in his dressing-room one morning. I threw the door open, and said, 'Mr. Crabb, I will not allow this, if my sister does.' They were whispering together. I told my sister, who said the woman must leave the house. She refused to go, and Mr. Crabb would not allow her to leave. Mr. Crabb then went away, and my sister sent for a policeman to turn Jane out of the house; but he declined to interfere. I remained in the house several days afterwards, but Mr. Crabb never returned while I was there. On the 19th of November last I saw the respondent in the presence of other witnesses. Since then my sister has supported herself on the stage.

Mrs. Crabb said: I lived with my husband for a year at Onslow-terrace, and from thence we removed to Hans-place. I had reason to complain of neglect on the part of my husband. He would be out all night, and his behaviour to me generally was bad. When he staid out he usually said that he had been playing at whist. He did not drink. In 1857 I had words with him respecting a servant. After my confinement I was very ill for some time. The respondent went away from me on that occasion for two or three days without telling me where he had gone. When he returned he showed me no attention, but he occupied the servants, and would not let them attend to me. I often remonstrated with him about Jane. He kept her downstairs and gave her the keys. When the nurse asked for wine she would not let her have it. My husband supported her in that conduct. That went on till my sister came to me. I don't think he slept in the house after the time he left me, as my sister has described. He did, however, come to the house for some of his clothes. We had had a dispute before that about some other misconduct of his. He was very angry about it, but I did not know that he was going to leave me. I sent my solicitor to him, and he said that I should have £25 a quarter on application at Hoare's bank. It was paid me twice; but on applying for it the third time, I found that the respondent's account was closed. I afterwards received information that he had gone away to India. From that moment I lost all trace of him, and I have never received money or letters from him since. I have, however, met him in the street about three times. I have maintained my child ever since.

By the Judge Ordinary—I communicated with him through my attorney within a few days after he left me; for I had no means on which to live, and I was too ill to take an engagement. I wanted my husband to come back to me. I saw no written agreement for the payment of the £100 a year. I was content that he should live separate from me so long as that was paid.

Maria Hockington—I live in the service of Mrs. Julia Prescott. I was with her in 1856, at 29 Stanley-villas, Chelsea. I remember Mr. Crabb coming to the house. He remained there all night, and slept with my mistress. That happened more than once. Last year I saw him in the presence of Mrs. Polto and Mrs. Wright. Mrs. Prescott was not the petitioner. At this point of the case some doubt was expressed about the value of a deed of separation, and whether the charge of desertion could be proved. The hearing was accordingly adjourned.

A DANSEUSE IN EVE'S COSTUME.

The following instances of the startling immorality now prevailing in Paris may be excused as illustrating the time:—A short time since a beautiful and notorious *danseuse* of the fastest pattern current had the cheerful impudence to make her appearance at the grand ball of the opera, dressed from head to foot simply in flesh-colored tights, with a fancy scarf about her waist. She was received with a tremendous outcry, and caught up by the men, who tossed the frail creature from one to another, like a foot-ball, over the heads of the crowd, the entire length of the immense hall. In a few minutes her light garb was entirely torn off, her long hair was flying, and the miserable girl shrieked and wept in terror for her life. She was at length rescued by the police, after having been tossed entirely around the ball-room. As an instance of the rapidly-increasing demoralization of Paris, it has been observed that the outrageous trick of *Eve au domino* has never been so frequently or so boldly attempted at the masked balls as during the present season. This consists of one or more ballet girls clad solely in black dominos, and under the protection of a large party of students, who form a ring around the "young ladies," who at a given signal step out of their dominos and perform in the most outrageous manner a can can *in puribus*—or rather *impuribus*, etc. The attention of the police is of course soon directed to this gay and festive scene, but when the alarm is given that they are approaching, the Eves in a second reassume their dominos and are lost to sight among the hundreds who are always present, dressed in the same sombre disguise. A wealthy and somewhat celebrated American gentleman, now resident in Paris, has distinguished himself, it is said, by organizing a number of these frolics.

STORY OF A FOOL.

BY DR. VERON.

When I was manager of the Grand Opera in Paris, a man some fifty years old, tall, well built, and handsome, entered my office. We were scarcely left alone, when he knelt at my feet, and said to me, in a voice trembling with emotion. "Sir, it is in your power to save my honor, and restore me to my life."

I was a good deal surprised by this commencement, and I asked, "In what way?"

"By engaging me at the Grand Opera."

"Are you a tenor?"

"No, sir."

"A baritone?"

"No, sir."

"A bass?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, you are a dancer?"

"I never danced in my life."

"Well then, if you are neither a singer nor a dancer, how can you expect me to engage you at the Grand Opera?"

"As a figurant, but upon one condition—that I shall fill, without a rival, the parts of kings, popes and emperors."

"Without a rival?"

"Yes, sir; and I must have a monopoly of these parts; it is the sole condition of my engagement. I feel that I owe you some explanation of my request and this stipulation. My story is simply this—I married a woman younger than myself, and I adore her as I adored her on my wedding-day, although we have now been married about twelve years. I have discovered for some months past that my wife's tenderness for me has sensibly cooled. I would hide the knowledge from my eyes, but I cannot conceal the fact that my *prestige* is declining. I am persuaded that were I to appear before her three times a week, arrayed in gold and purple, covered with glittering arms, my brow circled with a tiara or crown, my *prestige* and her love would be restored. I beg of you, sir, to engage me; satisfy my ambition, give reality to my dream. I do not care about salary. I have enough to support me. My life is in your hands. If you reject my request, I am a dead man."

While he spoke, big tears coursed down his cheek. I could not refuse him; besides, we were then rehearsing Scribe and Halevy's *La Juive* ("The Jewess,") and we wanted a man of his size and appearance to represent the Pope with dignity, for his Holiness figures in the solemn procession of the first act of this work. After a few minutes' reflection, I said to my visitor, whose heart panted, and whose eyes were fixed on mine:—"I will engage you sir."

"And I may fill the part I would take?"

"Yes. I will give you a monopoly of those parts."

The words were not out of my mouth, before he fell on his knees, and covered my coat-tail with kisses. The following week he made his first appearance on the stage of the Grand Opera, in "Robert le Diable," when he represented the Prince of Sicily, father of the Princess Isabella, with a great deal of majesty. He made himself a superb head. He was remarkably handsome. The morning after his maiden appearance, I received through the post office a short note in these words:—

"Heaven bless you! She was at the opera last night. She saw me. I have regained the treasures of her tenderness. I owe my happiness to you. All my blood is yours. Take it when you please."

Of course I didn't take his blood. Soon after this incident occurred, the Chamber of Deputies seemed inclined to diminish the amount of money granted to the Grand Opera. I resigned my place as manager to the Grand Opera, but did not recommend in an especial manner this man to my successor. I confess that I neglected this duty. It was a forgetfulness. When I returned from a long journey, I found on my desk a second letter from that person. He wrote to me:—

"SIR.—I am a victim of odious cabals. The new manager, not satisfied with taking from me the part of Pope, which I created with so much success in "La Juive," obliged me to appear as one of the mob. She saw me in my plebeian attire, and I feel that her love is going to leave me now for ever. If your kindness does not promptly come to my assistance, all is over with your faithful servant."

I consulted the date of this letter. It was a month old. I made inquires, and found that a fortnight before my return, the poor fellow was discovered hanging by the neck dead in his chamber.

CARD-TABLE SIGNALS.—"Never," said Theodore Hook, "let man and wife play together at whist. There are always telegraphs; and if they fancy their looks are watched, they can always communicate by words. I found out that I could never win of Smigsmag and his wife. I mentioned this one day, and was answered, 'No, you never can win of them.' 'Why?' said I. 'Because,' said my friend, 'they have established a code.' 'Dear me!' said I; 'signals by looks?' 'No,' said he, 'by words. If Mrs. Smigsmag is to lead, Smigsmag says, "Dear, begin." Dear begins with "d," so does diamonds, and out comes one from the lady. If he has to lead, and she says, "S., my love," she wants a spade. "Harriet, my dear, how long you are sorting your cards," Mrs. Smigsmag stamps down a heart; and a gentle "Come, my love," on either side, produces a club.'"

OCEAN STEAMSHIP RACE.—The steamers Bienville and Star of the Union, which left New Orleans at the same hour, intending to make a trial of speed, arrived at Havana, Cuba, on January 28. The race was very spritedly contested, the steamers keeping side by side for sixty hours out from New Orleans, when the Star of the Union began to gain slowly, and reached Havana only one mile ahead of the Bienville.

SPORTS ABROAD.

A TEDIOUS ENGAGEMENT FOR £100.

THE FAVORITE VOLUNTARILY STRIKES HIS COLORS.

On Wednesday, Jan. 22d, Mike Cocklin, of London, and King Ostler, of Hull, fought at 9st 12lb., in the metropolitan district, England, for £100, and after a rather uninteresting mill, victory was declared in favor of the Londoner. The *Sporting Life* says:—"Of the affair great expectations had been entertained, as Ostler was reputed to be somewhat of a wonder, and, in point of cleverness, a 'second Jem Mace.' He is twenty-six years old, stands 5ft. 6in. in height, and is well built, though there was a great deal too much flesh on him. He is credited with four victories in the provinces, having defeated Butcher, of Norwich; Innes, of Hull; Fisher, of Hull; and Salmon, of Mansfield, who was his last customer previous to his appearance in the Home circuit. In point of years Mike Cocklin is greatly at a disadvantage, as he is thirty-one years old, but he is the taller man by two inches, and is distinguished by pluck, patience, and a fair amount of science. He had only fought twice previously—first in 1860, a draw with Leonard, next in 1862, with Jem Dillon, to whom he was compelled to yield after a punishing set-to of forty-six rounds, fought in 1 hour 58 min. Subsequently Mike has earned considerable reputation as a trainer and second, and is generally respected by patrons of the fancy. A good deal of betting had been done on the match, as the country-men were very sweet on their representative; whilst at the same time the big talk regarding the graduate in the Mace school had not the effect of frightening the friends of Old Mike, and evens were readily taken, though the Ostler party laid as much as 5 to 4 on their man a few times at home. The trysting place was the Temple Pier, and the time half-past six on Wednesday morning. At that hour, and long before, it was raining in torrents; but the intending travelers were not to be denied, notwithstanding, and before the time appointed a great many had found their way to Essex street. Here another and greater cause for mortification was experienced, as Inspector Silverton had drawn up on the landing stage a considerable number of policemen, who were evidently bent on capturing the principals or throwing in the way any other possible impediments they could think of. This journey, however, they were baffled; the knowledge of their presence soon spread, most of those who had got as far as the river side received a word in season and took train for Blackwall, while others made tracks in the same direction without having troubled themselves at all about the starting point. When the boat left the pier (about seven o'clock) there were only some half a dozen passengers on board, the rain was falling faster than ever, and altogether the prospect was as dismal as could well be conceived. Some passengers were taken up at the Tunnel Pier, and a long stoppage was made at Blackwall, where Ostler came on board, and where a large accession of intending spectators was received, though here again there were symptoms of unpleasant attentions on the part of the police. At North Woolwich, Cocklin was picked up, some other additions were made to the cargo, a few strays were received *en route*, and after a slow journey in a steady, drenching rain, a well-known spot was reached, and the very disagreeable process of disembarking on the mud and clay of the river-banks gone through. Whilst the genius of the ring, assisted by his attendant spirit, were putting the ropes and stakes ship-shape, the greater part of what was now a numerous party were busily engaged in making themselves as comfortable as possible internally; and whatever may be said of the wickedness of prize-fighting, the ring-goers on this occasion showed themselves thoroughly capable of putting down bad spirits. There was scarcely the ordinary amount of rough fun and chaff, and even the generally enterprising and pushing vendors of inner-ring tickets were discouraged in their efforts by the miserable weather. Although the ring was pitched in the very best place that could have been selected, the ground and the way thereto were very greasy, and the number of falls *en route* in proportion. Cocklin was the first to pitch his cap in the ring, at about five minutes to twelve o'clock, weather remaining much the same. He was quickly followed by Ostler, whose toilet was already completed, whereas a few more minutes elapsed before Mike was ready for the fray. Cocklin was attended by a former opponent, and a well-known light-weight; "the brothers" looked after the interests of Ostler. On Cocklin stripping, his splendid condition still further encouraged his friends, and betting became 6 to 4 on him, and at that rate Cocklin laid one bet in sovereigns with his opponent previous to commencing business, stepping over to his corner for the purpose. At last all was ready for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the men stood up in the centre of the ring, the superiority of Cocklin in point of condition was at once manifest, and the advantage he possessed in height was very conspicuous. Ostler smiled confidently, and scarcely allowed time for the preliminary shake of the fin before he put himself, rather flashily, in attitude. Mike was cool and serious, and had evidently made up his mind that he should have very good reason indeed for defeat if the battle was to be counted lost to him. At the outset Ostler kept away, and traveled about the ring, and Mike was cautious and felt his way slowly to his opponent's tactics. After short sparring the Hull man landed his right on the cheek. After stopping one or two neatly Mike got a little one on Ostler's nose, and then tried it on again unsuccessfully, and slipped down, owing to the state of the ground. He was quickly up, and the men then came to close quarters, Mike using both hands about the head and face, whilst Ostler was very busy with his right on the body. The latter had the best of the struggle for the fall. Time, 2 min.

2. Mike was up first, and after trying a long shot or two unsuccessfully, King getting nimbly out of range, forced the fighting at half-arm distance, but was rather slow, whilst Ostler pegged away quickly and heavily with his right on the ribs. Cocklin was uppermost in the fall.

3. After one or two attempts Cocklin landed his left on Ostler's nose, and then close quarters again came into fashion, Mike, as [illegible], using both hands, and Ostler punishing the ribs with the rapid delivery of his right, which he moved at a rate likely to tell much in his favor in a long mill. He received one or two unpleasant visits to the head and face, but at the finish cleverly cross-buttocked and threw his man. Time, 7 min.

4. They were at it as soon as they were up, and in the rally Cocklin had the best of it, having left dents on King's nose, at which the blood began to appear, though first event was not claimed. Ostler's rapidity with the right had hitherto brought him into greater favor, but the effects of Mike's two-handed fighting were now more apparent, and he was becoming quicker.

5. Ostler got well on the body with the right at long range, and rushed to a close. The in-fighting in character resembled that of the preceding rounds, and at the finish Ostler was down.

6. Mike landed again heavily on the other's nose, but received a hot-'un on the body in return. They closed, and Mike was again busy with right and left, Ostler continuing to confide most in the effect of his right on the ribs. Time, 11½ min.

7 and 8. The seventh round was short. In the eighth Cocklin got his left well on the nose, and received on the body. Mike made another attempt in the same direction, but was neatly stopped. Half-arm hitting was again resorted to, each following the tactics previously employed in close quarters. Time, 17 min.

9 to 32 and last.—It is unnecessary to give in detail the remainder of the rounds. The description would be as tedious as the spectacle was monotonous. What could be said of one would, with a very few exceptions, apply to all the rest. The fighting was very fast, the men rushing to a close as soon as they were ready for work, and both occasionally gave rise to claims of foul by the way in which they used their fingers when on the ground. Cocklin reached with effect the nose and left eye, whilst a little flush on the forehead was all the mark he showed on the face for at any rate the first half of the fight, though his ribs displayed evidences of Ostler's persistent, rapid, and vigorous attacks. During the fourteenth round there was reason to dread the interference of the bobbies, but the visitation was stalled off and business proceeded with as before. The fifteenth round, at the beginning of which the battle had lasted twenty-five minutes, was distinguished by Mike again touching up the nose and drawing the claret with his left, whilst Ostler sent one straight from the shoulder on the body, which resounded all over the ring. In the seventeenth bout King got full on to Cocklin's nose with the left, making Mike wince, and there really did not appear any very material advantage on either side, though as a two-handed fighter Mike was evidently the better man, and his condition was all in his favor. He pasted well Ostler's nose, mouth and eye, and the latter was not so ready in fibbing as at the outset, Mike growing stronger towards the twenty-fifth round. In the twenty-eighth round, after a sharp struggle at the ropes, Ostler was thrown with terrific force, and could hardly pull himself together again, coming up very groggy in the next bout. In the thirtieth and thirty first he seemed to freshen up once more, but was thrown again after a very short scramble in the thirty-second round, and on time being called for the thirty-third, stepped out of the ring, saying he would fight no more. The sponge was then thrown up, and Cocklin, who did not look much the worse, was hailed the victor. His hands, however, had gone, which made his blows tell but little towards the end of the battle, which lasted 1 hour 5 min. A short time after leaving the ring Ostler's left eye closed completely.

REMARKS.

It is unnecessary to make any lengthy remarks on this fight. The appearance of Ostler in the London Ring was heralded with a great flourish of trumpets, but his form is very far inferior to what it was represented to be. In the earlier part of the contest he promised to do some execution, and he never flinched from punishment, but the appearance of things was much altered when Cocklin had taken the measure of his man. Still, Ostler's sudden relinquishment of the contest created some surprise, as he did not appear at the time to have received an extraordinary amount of damage. It would have been better, too, had there been no well-founded suspicions of attempted gouging. The fight certainly fell to the best man.

A FIGHT DECIDED ON A FOUL.

Dick Goodwin and Jack Shore met in the Manchester district, Eng., on the 21st of January, to have a game of fisticuffs at catch-weight for £5 a side. We subjoin the pedigree of the combatants:—Richard Goodwin (better known by the sobriquet of "Spring-heeled Dick") made his first essay within the cords with Young Cheer (now in the United States) for a "fiver," at Jackson's Boat, when, after fighting 35 min., the affair ended in a wrangle. He was next pitted against Georgy Morton, of Manchester, whom he defeated in 45 min., down the River Irwell, for a purse. Dick now rested on his laurels for a considerable time, until he was matched with Bill Ingram, of London, at 8st, for £25 a side, and the pair met on May 15, 1866, at Barton Moss, when Goodwin achieved a brilliant victory at the end of the fifty-fourth round. Time, 55 min. His last performance was with Arthur Chambers, at 8st, 4lb, for £25, on February 19, 1867, when the police interfered after fighting 2 hours 20 min., at Delamere Forest, and the affair ended in a draw. He stands 5ft. 3in., and was born at Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, on March 22, 1842. Jack Shore is a novice, but the advantage of height and weight was in his favor. He stands 5ft. 9in. high, weighs 11st, and is twenty-six years old. There was an immense muster at the trysting spot (Mode Wheel, near the cotton metropolis), and everything being in readiness, the combatants peeled, Shore, who was waited on by Jim Urine and a pal, winning the toss, and choosing the highest ground, whilst A. Chambers and Badler attended to the other. Johnny Murphy, of Liverpool, stood referee. The betting was 6 to 4 on Goodwin. The fight does not warrant a detailed account, for although ropes and stakes were used, mob law was the order of the day. Shore depended upon his superior strength and size, and dashed furiously at Dick, who rattled away right merrily at the body, and got down out of difficulties. Appeals and counter appeals were made, and when the contest had lasted 1 hour 2 min., thirty-six rounds, the referee awarded the fight to Goodwin, on the ground that Shore hit him whilst down. Shore's party protested strongly, and even went the length of actually striking the referee, and throwing him into a ditch. We understand that notice has been served on Mr. J. Holden, the stakeholder, by Shore, demanding his money back.

ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT.—For some time past the Manchester, Eng., ring-goers have been anxiously looking forward to the match between Bill Ferguson, of Salford, and Ned Quinn, of Manchester, the conditions being to box at catch-weight for £15 a side. All went as "merry as a marriage bell" until the evening of Jan. 20th, when the police arrested Ferguson on a warrant for being concerned in a prize-fight which took place at Lynn, Cheshire, in September last, and he was brought before the magistrates the following morning, and released on entering into his own recognizance in £20 to keep the peace for six months. A meeting then took place, when a stormy discussion ensued, Ferguson expressing himself willing to fight (notwithstanding his bail) at any time and place the referee might appoint. Quinn, however, refused to fight, and claimed a forfeit, on the ground that Ferguson contributed to his own arrest through carelessness. It appered that some months ago summonses were issued against Quinn and Ferguson, with others, for being concerned in the prize-fight referred to above, to which Quinn and some others appeared in due course, and were bound over to keep the peace for six months, which bail is still subsisting; but Ferguson, with two others, failed to appear. Subsequently the present match was entered into, one of the conditions being that the fight should not take place in Cheshire in consequence of the proceedings arising out of the fight in that county, above alluded to. In answer to inquiries the police state that the arrest was not instigated by either of the men. Quinn knew perfectly well of the liability under which Ferguson labored at the time he entered into the match, and it must, therefore, be assumed that as he acquiesced in it, his claim cannot be allowed.

DESTROYED BY FIRE.—Teddy Mills' tavern, the Northampton Arms, Northampton Street, Dog Row, Bethnal Green, London, Eng., was totally destroyed by fire on January 21st. Teddy was absent at the time, having taken his wife to see her friends, pending an interesting event. William Price, the staunch friend and backer of the little Champion, was quickly on the spot, but only in time to see a heap of ruins. The savings of many a hard won race have thus been destroyed. The property was only insured for a trifling amount, not reaching by hundreds the outlay. A subscription was to be set on foot for the unfortunate pedestrian.

DIDN'T SHOW UP.—Hartley and Parker, a couple of British light-weights, were to have fought in the same ring as Ostler and Cocklin for a purse, but nothing was done, owing to the latter not appearing.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

J. F. S., New Milford, Ct.—As heartily welcome as wholly unexpected. Our correspondent G. P. Q. is the gentleman you suppose.

G. E. C., Tarrytown.—Received, noted, returned our best thanks for, etc.; and if any other thing seemed necessary to do in the premises it has been or shall be done.

TOURNEY NO. 14.—A *very* "attentive correspondent" (and *not* "from Crooked Lake, nuther,") says, "look o' here:

1..Kt × R dis + K to B 3 (1) | 3..Q to Kt 7 + B × Q
2..Kt–Kt 8 + + K–his 4 | 4..Kt × P Kt × Kt, mate

(1) If the Defence go to K 4th, then: 2..Kt to Q B 6 +, B × Q *best*, and then, as above—and 'prayers' won't save him."

E. H. C., Washington.—We have forwarded your list of Chess books to our correspondent, J. F. S. Will you do us the favor of sending us a list of those you still have left?

ZATRIDIGITATION.—Are you not going to accede to our request?

H. HOSMER, Chillicothe, Ill.—Having but one game of your old contribution remaining, we should be happy to receive a new budget at your early convenience.

H. C. MILES, Wareham, Mass.—The two beautifully drawn problems in question are safely to hand, and we heartily thank you for them. To the query, no!

D. S. FOSTER, Utica.—As a new contributor you are very welcome; the problem shall have due attention and report. Let us counsel you to procure some blank diagrams.

B. H. T.—It is a pleasure to resolve so reasonable a doubt, so clearly stated. Both players having moved, the false move and all subsequent ones (when known, as here) must be retracted and White make a lawful move. As Black has voluntarily played the unlawful move, he is debarred from inflicting any penalty.

JAMES REES, Utica.—$11.50 received, and your order for books, etc., filled and mailed accordingly. Please advise us of their arrival.

CHESS, Charleston, Ill.—Send $1.88 to "Miron, Campton Vill., N. H.," and you will promptly receive what you require.

CHESS ED. ERA, London.—We have written you a letter covering some enclosures which we hope will not miscarry; please let us know.

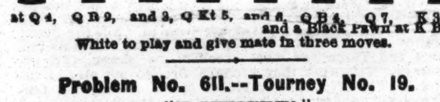
T. P. BULL, Seaforth, Ontario, D. C.—The same to you.

READER, Wyanet, Ill.—You can have two or more queens if successful in playing your pawns into your opponent's first row.

Enigma No. 6II.

Best English sett.—"Sound as a bell'. 'A cracked one?' quoth he.

BY T. MILES HILL, M. D.



at Q sq, K R 7, K 7, K 4, K Kt sq, Q B 5, Q Kt 2, K 5th, and a White Pawn at K R 3d.

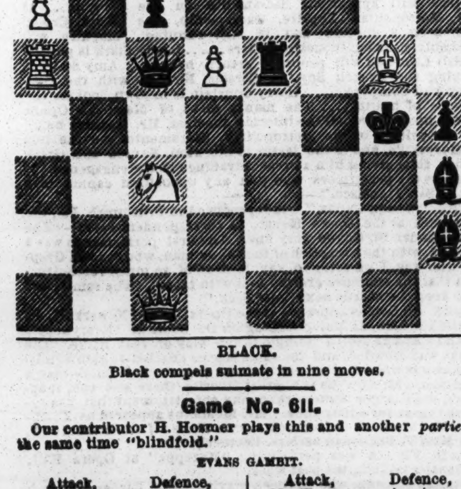
at Q 4, Q B 2, and 3, Q Kt 5, and 6, Q B 4, Q 7, K 3d, and a Black Pawn at K B 2d.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 6II.--Tourney No. 19.

"AD REFERENDUM."

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black compels suimate in nine moves.

Game No. 6II.

Our contributor H. Hosmer plays this and another *partie* at the same time "blindfold."

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Hosmer.	Defence, Amateur.	Attack, Mr. Hosmer.	Defence, Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	22..B × Q Kt	Kt P × B
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	23..Q R × P	B–Q Kt 3
3..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	24..K Kt–Q 4	B × Q R P
4..P–Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	25..P–K 6 +	K–Kt 3
5..P–Q B 3	B–Q B 4	26..P–K 7 +	K–his B 2
6..P–Q 4	K P × P	27..Q R–B 7	B–K B 2
7..Castles	P–Q 3	28..Kt–K B 5	Q R–Kt sq
8..B P × P	K B–Kt 3	29..P–K 8 (Q)	Q R–Kt 8 +
9..Q Kt–B 3	K Kt–B 3	30..K–his B 2	R–Kt 7 +
10..P–K 5	Q P × P	31..K–his B 3	K R × 2d Q
11..Q P × P	Q × Q	32..Q R × B	K R × B
12..K R × Q	K Kt–his 5	33..K × K R	R × Kt P
13..Q Kt–Q 5	K B × P +	34..P–K R 4	K–Kt 3
14..K–his B sq	K B–Kt 3	35..B × Kt P +	K × K Kt
15..Q B–B 3	Kt–K 6 +	36..Q R × R	K–his 4
16..Q Kt × Kt	K B × Kt	37..K–Q B 3	K–Q 4
17..K R–K sq	Q Kt–R 4	38..K–Q 3	K–Q B 4
18..K B × P +	K × K B	39..K–Q Kt 3	K–Q Kt 4
19..K R × B	P–K R 3	40..R–K Kt 6	P–Q R 5 +
20..Q R–Q B sq	P–Q B 3	41..K–Q R 2, and the Defence resigned.	
21..Q B–Kt 4	P–Q Kt 3		

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 38.---Vol. XV.

Between Messrs. James and Bird.

"BROOKLYN."

Black. Mr. James.	White. Mr. Bird.	Black. Mr. James.	White. Mr. Bird.
1..10 to 14	23 to 19	9..11 to 16	27 to 23
2..6 10	27 23	10..8 11	22 17
3..1 6	32 27	11..5 9(*a*)	26 22
4..11 15	22 17	12..16 20	30 26
5..8 11	25 22	13..20 27	31 24
6..4 8	17 13	14..9 14	24 20
7..14 18	23 14	15..15 24	28 19
8..9 25	29 22	16..11 15(*b*)	Drawn.*

*We give the end-game as a position this week.

(*a*) The only safe move. (*b*) Black's only draw move.

Position No. 75, Vol. XV.

BY MR. BIRD.

BLACK.

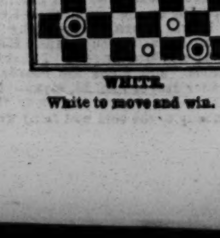
WHITE.

White to move and draw.

Position No. 77, Vol. XV.

BY J. P. SWEET.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

Solution of Position No. 73.--Vol. XV.

BY THE "JERSEY GHOST."

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..12 to 8	20 to 27	3..1 to 5, and wins.	
2..18 15	11 18		

Solution of Position No. 74.--Vol. XV.

BY THE ED. D. D.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..7 to 10	11 to 20	3..21 to 25	29 to 22
2..29 26	30 23	4..17 19.	Drawn.

THE RING.

PROLONGED BATTLE IN VIRGINIA

BETWEEN

FRED AGVOTE AND JIM PURLAY FOR $250 A SIDE.

51 ROUNDS IN 2 HOURS AND 20 MINUTES.

A pugilistic match, which has been kept commendably quiet since its inception, was brought to a satisfactory *denouement* at Sewell's Point, on the sacred soil of the Old Dominion, on Friday, January 31st. The principals to the encounter were Fred Agvote—who, it will be remembered, was defeated by Charley Creamer in 23 rounds, 58 min. 30 sec., Nov. 7, 1867—and Jim Purlay, who never previously appeared as a combatant in the roped circle for money, but has a hankering for fistic glory. The difficulty arose out of an altercation which occurred between the parties in December last, for the adjustment of which they concluded to resort to muscular power and science, and in order to make it an object, they drew up and signed articles of agreement stipulating to fight for $250 a side. In order to avoid the unpleasant attentions of the authorities, military and civic, the utmost secrecy was maintained in reference to the match, only a very few, and those were good men and true, being entrusted with information of its arrangement. The men went into training immediately, Agvote near Fortress Monroe, where the affair originated, and Purlay taking up his quarters in the neighborhood of Newport News, to keep out of the clutches of the boys in blue. They were brought into pretty fair condition, Agvote weighing about 135lbs. and Purlay 139lbs. on the day of battle. The necessary arrangements had all been carefully perfected, and bright and early upon the morning of the 31st ult., five sloops weighed anchor at Old Point, on board of which were the men, their seconds, and some seventy others who had received the office. A pleasant sail of three hours and a half brought the party to Sewell Point, where debarkation was in order and after a journey inland of about a mile and a half an eligible spot was selected, and the ring quickly erected. At precisely 11 o'clock A. M., Purlay sent his chapeau spinning over the heads of the crowd, into the circle, and as he skipped over the ropes a moment later was enthusiastically welcomed. He had for attendants Tom Williams and Jack Lee. Fred was not far behind and also received a cordial greeting as he entered, wearing a confident smile and nonchalant air. He was waited upon by C. Knight and Fred Lewis. The requisite officials having been chosen, at twenty minutes past eleven o'clock the referee, E. Akers, called "time," and the men, both anxious, commenced fighting in real, downright earnest without delay, the ill-feeling rankling in their bosoms lending additional zest to the digital favors so freely bestowed. The battle was of the ding dong description, muscle being at a premium and science taking second place, each man standing up to his work and taking his punishment without flinching. Purlay obtained first blood in the fourth round, and proved himself the better wrestler and more powerful of the two, throwing his opponent twenty-one times. Agvote, however, possessed a greater knowledge of the science, and making Jim's eyes his principal mark, succeeded in effectually closing them and at the end of the fity-first round was declared the winner, after they had been fighting two hours and twenty minutes. The battle was of a desperate character throughout, and that each man is game as a pebble the engagement leaves no room for doubt. Agvote's body was fearfully battered and bruised, his lips and left cheek gashed and swollen, left eye completely closed, and forehead badly cut. Purlay was in a still more pitiable condition, both eyes being shut tight, his face swollen to twice its size, showing a variety of cuts, while his body was also covered with purple colored lumps of all shapes and sizes, and his hands puffed and given out. Their friends were obliged to carry them to the boats. The winner and his friends proceeded to Old Point, where they remained until the following morning, when Fred left for some place on the Chesapeake Bay to recuperate. Purlay left during the night for the Lower Potomac, from whence he hails.

ON DIT.—That Fred Agvote, thinking his fight with Charley Creamer was not decided upon the true merits of the men, will endeavor to effect arrangements for a second meeting as soon as he recovers from the effects of his late engagement with Purlay.

THE WHITTAKER AND DALLEY MATCH.—WHITTAKER WILLING TO FIGHT.—In regard to the recent match between Jim Whittaker and Dick Dalley, of Mahaney City, Pa., we have received a communication from the former which gives a different version of the causes which led to its breaking off, and in order that both sides may have a hearing we herewith publish it:—

"MAHANEY CITY, Feb. 3, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Sir.*—I wish to state a few facts in regard to the Whittaker and Dalley affair. In the first place the match was to be for five hundred dollars a side. The first $50 a side was put up in the hands of a party with the understanding that the whole of the money should be forwarded to you as stakeholder; but, before the second deposit was made, you declined to accept the office. On meeting to put up the second deposit the Dalleyites wanted the match to be for three hundred dollars a side, but with some persuasion they agreed to make it four hundred. After the second $50 a side was posted, the Dalleyites would not consent to a stakeholder in Mahaney City, though the principals are both living there. There were several German citizens, men of wealth, that were willing to be stakeholders, but nothing would do for the Dalleyites in Mahaney. After some persuasion it was agreed to place the stakes in the hands of a gentleman in St. Clair, but he declined, and then the Dalleyites wanted the money to go to Ashland, a place twelve miles off, and to place it in the hands of a party of their own choosing. This the other party would not consent to, and so ended the affair. To show that Whittaker means fighting, he will make a match to fight Dalley for as low as fifty dollars a side, or as high as a thousand, providing a disinterested party is stakeholder. By inserting the above you will greatly oblige, Yours, JAMES WHITTAKER."

THE FATAL FIGHT.—TRIAL AND SENTENCE OF REARDON AND OTHERS.—The parties implicated in the recent sorrowful affair at Bloody Island, opposite St. Louis, wherein young McCann lost his life, were brought up for trial at Belleville, Ill., on the 4th inst. Patsy Reardon, the surviving principal, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment in the county jail, and his companions, under eighteen years of age, to one week's confinement in the same place. The lightness of the punishment inflicted is in consequence of the youthfulness of the prisoners, and the belief that McCann's death was the result more of over excitement than the severity of the blows administered, which belief a post mortem examination gives strength to. All those engaged in or witnesses of the fight over eighteen years of age, pleaded not guilty, and their cases were continued until the next term of the court.

STABBING OF PATSY FOY.—It will be remembered that sometime since a rumor was prevalent to the effect that Patsy Foy had been dangerously wounded during an altercation in a saloon in the Golden City. We could trace the report to no reliable source, and came to the conclusion that it was a cruel hoax. The other day, however, we were shown a letter from San Francisco, of recent date, wherein it was stated that Foy was stabbed by Tommy McManus, a short time prior, inflicting a painful though not dangerous wound. McManus, who formerly resided in Yorkville, N. Y., was arrested, but Patsy declined to appear against him. At last accounts the wounded man was recovering.

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A GREAT ANNOUNCEMENT!!!!

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The Best Story and Sketch Paper of the Age, a Thrilling Tale, entitled

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OR,

THE HUNTED MAID OF SALEM.

BY LEON LEWIS,

Author of "The Silver Ship," "The Water Wolf," "Syria, the Jewess," etc.

A thoroughly authentic history of Salem Witchcraft has yet to be written. In the books treating of this subject, the atrocities that were perpetrated by the Witch-Testers were classed as almost pardonable offences, because committed under the delusion that the victims were gifted with supernatural powers, and could at will afflict any person with the most direful physical and mental ailments—such as blindness, deformity, or insanity. In those days, every person who suddenly became ill at once proclaimed that he was bewitched, and began recalling to mind the female on whom he had last looked, and who, it was thought, had prostrated him by the power of Witchcraft. The suspected party, as was natural, generally proved to be some unfortunate woman against whom the invalid had long harbored a spirit of unfriendliness. The relatives of the sick person were at once summoned; after listening to the story of the individual supposed to be bewitched, they would proceed in a body to the dwelling of the unsuspecting victim, drag her forth, publicly accuse her of Witchcraft, in having afflicted their suffering relative, and make her submit to

The Witch-Finder's Test.

Tears and entreaties were of no avail; the expostulations of friends only made matters worse by leaving them open to suspicion, and it often happened that in endeavoring to shield the unfortunate victim from the fury of the superstitious multitude, even the friends of the supposed Witch were compelled to undergo the tortures of

The Witch-Finder's Test.

These tests were as numerous as they were atrocious and diabolical, and frequently resulted in the death of the victim. When proved guilty of Witchcraft, death by the most cruel means was of course the sentence; but it was not a rare occurrence for

The Witch-Finder's Test

to put an end to the victim's sufferings by death, just as she was about to be declared innocent.

At this distant day, and in this age of enlightenment, there will be found many who will discredit the following brief description of one of the many tests resorted to by

The Heartless Witch-Finder.

The Salemites believed that it was IMPOSSIBLE TO DROWN A WITCH—that if thrown into a river, she would certainly be able to make her way to the shore. Acting upon this belief, when a woman was suspected of Witchcraft, she would be compelled to undergo the

Witch-Finder's Drowning Test.

She would be dragged to the nearest river, and plunged in at a considerable distance from the shore. In case the woman succeeded for a time in keeping her head above the surface of the water, that it was considered POSITIVE EVIDENCE THAT SHE WAS A WITCH, and she would be STONED TO DEATH as she struggled with the remorseless waves. In this test the only proof of the woman's innocence of Witchcraft was WHEN SHE COULD NOT SWIM, and, therefore, SANK TO RISE NO MORE! Innocent or guilty, it was death in either case! By drowning, she proved herself innocent; but if it appeared probable that she could save her life by swimming, she was STONED LIKE A CAT UNTIL SHE DROWNED!

Even cruelty more atrocious than this was put in practice by

The Witch-Finder.

Private quarrels and ancient grudges were avenged by accusing innocent people of Witchcraft. Young wives were ruthlessly torn from loving husbands, accused before the gaping, ignorant and superstitious populace,

Branded as Witches,

and after being marched through the town that everybody might look their last upon the

Female Demons,

the terrified women were given over to the villainous wretches who had achieved notoriety as

Witch-Finders.

The remarkable story which is soon to appear in the

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

is a reliable expose of the atrocities enacted in the

Days of Salem Witchcraft.

The tale is founded on authentic records and data, and is entitled

THE WITCH-FINDER;

OR,

The Hunted Maid of Salem.

The plot of the story is original, although it has for its basis an accurate account of the cruelties that were perpetrated during the period of

Salem Witchcraft.

Among the principal characters portrayed in this exciting story is

The Witch-Hunter.

The most disreputable person in Salem, at the time of the Witchcraft excitement, was a man named BOARDBUSH, who had achieved a devilish notoriety as a volunteer Accuser, a Witch-Tester, or Witch-Discoverer. This heartless miscreant practiced various juggleries, under pretense of distinguishing a witch from an innocent person, such as drawing blood, saying the Lord's Prayer backwards, etc.

The Hunted Maiden.

Another interesting personage of those times was HESTER WAYBROOK, the daughter of a colonial merchant—a beautiful and noble-hearted girl, whom the villain BOARDBUSH persecuted with his attentions, and afterwards hunted as a witch.

The White Angel of Salem.

A third and more remarkable personage of those dark days was a mysterious being who appeared in Salem when the delusion was deepest. She possessed the aspect of a young lady; but a strange peculiarity was noticed in her appearance—she was strangely white, and her skin shone so brilliantly that many supposed her to be an angel. She went about doing good, opposing the Witch-Hunters, releasing prisoners, helping widows and orphans, etc.

Whoever would have full particulars concerning these and a score of other inhabitants of Salem, in the days of Witchcraft must read the thrilling and beautiful narration just drawn from the historical collections of Massachusetts, and entitled

THE WITCH FINDER;

OR,

The Hunted Maid of, Salem.

BY LEON LEWIS.

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THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

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THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

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As we have not space to particularise, at great length, the numerous features of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY, we will just mention some of the standing attractions:

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THE KNOWLEDGE BOX.—In this column will be found Domestic Receipts, Scientific Notes, Hints to Farmers and Gardeners—in fact, suggestions that will prove useful to all classes of society.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.—The important events of the world are epitomised in this column, and their essence given in pithy sentences.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.—This department is entirely devoted to articles of a humorous nature, and it forms an excellent dessert to the mental feast which the columns of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY contains every week.

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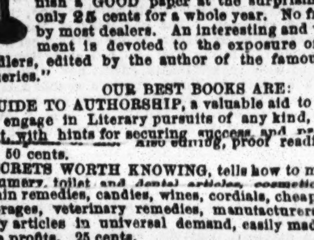

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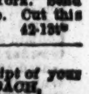

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Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Feb. 10, '68.

"PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE."—*Othello, Act I, Scene* 3.—When the immortal Bard of Avon ushered into existence the sublime words which form the subject of our discourse on the present occasion, there is no doubt that sweet William had just had a good snap at something—made a hit in the Havana Lottery, struck oil out in the oleaginous regions, or been promised a hundred dollars for writing a new tragedy—else why would he advise another to put money in his purse if he had none in his own? Had William been in straitened circumstances—as many people are at the present day—is it to be supposed that he would have taken such interest in the welfare of others to the detriment of his own well-being and future happiness? No! William had met with a streak of good luck at three-card monte, or thimble-rig, or sweat-cloth, or something of that, and being content with himself and his then present condition, he began to take into consideration the sufferings of his fellow citizens, and, unsolicited, he said to the unfortunate toilers and sewing machine girls, "put money in thy purse." Now, you will bear in mind that, unlike that other old reprobate who said—"Get money—honestly if you can, but—get money"—he left it an open question with his hearers as to the *how* to attain the desired end, the fillment of their purses with the dirty old greenbacks that were then in vogue as currency; he did not, you will understand, intimate that, if they could not get it in any other way, they were to break into the Park Bank, and, *nolens volens*, or *cui bono*, help themselves! Not he. Mister Shakespeare was too old a general for *that*—he merely said: "Put money in thy purse," and left the ways and means to the wisdom and judgment of his poor associates. It has been remarked by old penny-a-liners who resided near William's residence at Stratford that he was guilty of trespassing upon his neighbors' preserves, knocking over a barn-pheasant here, sticking a pig there, and carrying off whole nests of embryo pullets, in order that he might fare sumptuously every day, and "put money in his purse" by selling the confiscated produce at a heavy advance in Washington Market! But those vicious old scallywags who lived on the Avon knew little of the facts of the case, or they would never have wantonly uttered such malicious sentiments, such base falsehoods and scandalous innendoes. That the memory of the revered Wm. S. should not suffer by such calumny, we have taken it upon ourselves to visit Washington Market, and to inquire of the oldest inhabitants of that model of architectural elegance and receptacle of the fruition of the earth as to the truth of such reports concerning Mr. Shakespeare and his produce: they one and all assured us—and were willing to go before Judge Dowling and take their various affidavits to the truth of the statements made by them—that no such man as William Shakespeare ever sold them a dollar's worth of provender, either directly or indirectly; furthermore, that they never *heard* of such a man, and that they would willingly pay a fine of ten dollars each for the chance of punching the head of any old loafer who would dare to insinuate that the dealers in Washington Market would be guilty of such small business as buying stolen chickens and half-hatched eggs! And we believe them. "Put money in *thy* purse," said the old pard. 'Twas spoken in Christian Faith, Hope and Charity, for the good of his suffering confederates. Some friendly-disposed persons have stoutly maintained that William amassed a competence by writing plays, instead of by poaching, but those friends are wrong. We happen to know something about the value of stage plays, and we can assert without the fear of unbiased contradiction that not one of William's efforts would bring him the price of a plate of clam chowder if offered for sale at the present day. Wm. is represented as being a judge of human nature. How fallacious! Why give us heavy tragedies if he understood the public pulse? Our own playwrights are far better judges of the wants of the people than ever Wm. was. He made his money at Faro, or Keno, but not by writing such plays as *he* gave us. We remember an incident in the history of the American stage which goes to show the rapid progress we are making in that direction. A young man, of not more than twenty-four years of age, of prepossessing appearance and gentlemanly address, called upon us one day, and in calm tone of voice asked our good offices in the way of introducing him to some of our metropolitan managers, as he had a play of sterling merit [stirling coin would have answered much better. *Stirling Coyne* is the name of an English playwright, and *some* people would laugh hugely at such a comical pun.—ED. CLIP.] which he desired to offer for their consideration. We introduced him to all—minstrel managers, circus managers, theatrical managers, music hall managers, undergrounders, readers, and agents, leaving with each a printed copy of our young friend's tragical play. Time rolled on—Death, the fell destroyer of all our hopes and aspirations, had been busy—when one day, as the snow was turning the earth into a whited sepulchre, and the howling winds broke sadly upon many a lost soul, a person——. [This is all of this strange story that we can spare space for in this issue.].....Horace Greeley says a good thing now and then on political economy or bran bread and cheese, and his "Art of Making Men" is of a more instructive and practical character than Shakespeare's "Put Money in thy Purse," but as a dramatic critic Horace fails wonderfully. He recently wrote a critique on the drama for Mr. Bonner, but, after a careful perusal of the article, we could arrive at no other conclusion than that Mr. Greeley's dramatic education had been sadly neglected, and that his early experience had been gained at a very small cost—probably, as a printer, he had been successful in "jeffing" for "orders," and went to one or two theatres on that lay. Much as we respect Mr. Greeley's pumpkin pie and vegetable principles, we consider him weak as a dramatic critic, and should not advise him to make that a specialty in his badly written compositions. A man whose experience in dramatic affairs is confined to a single sitting in the old Park pit, a night in the pit of the Old Bowery, and an uncomfortable glance at a side show down East, is not competent to criticise play-acting at the present time. Horace may do very well in pulling the wires, setting the scenes and casting characters for a political show, but he has'nt any business on the legitimate boards. "Our Jim" is far ahead of him in that regard, and that is not saying a great deal for "Jim." What a figure Greeley would cut in attempting a criticism of the "Black Crook" and such pieces; how would he get around the *ballet* with their scanty attire, and all that? Some critics are perfectly at home with such creatures—have the run of the green-room—a few are bold enough to enter the dressing room, owing to the mysterious influence of their papers, etc., and some go home with the girls in the morning. Where would Horace be in such a dilemma? Jimmy, turn the crank and see what the machine as to say about it:—

HORACE GREELEY AS A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

Upon which may possibly remind the reader of the King of the Cannibal Islands in a White Hat.

Have you heard of the wonderful Ledger critique,
Where old Uncle Horace attempted to speak
Of theatrical things in a style quite unique,
Displays an unbounded profusion of cheek,
On the part of the venerable Greeley?
He went to the Bowery once on a lark,
Was dead-headed into the "pit" of Old Park,
And saw in Vermont—you'll keep this thing dark—
A side show that started to run with Noah's ark.
Which is all that he's seen, he says freely.
Chorus.—Horace Greeley, winky wy,
Hadn't you better turn your eye
To something else than stage pot pie,
O critical Mr. Greeley?

We wouldn't meddle with state affairs,
Nor invest our pile in *Tribune* shares,
Nor be caught in the Tariff's numerous snares,
Nor talk at Agricultural Fairs:
For it isn't our province, Horace.
And hadn't you better drop the "show,"
And let the sober people go?
There are plenty of things on which to blow,
Without touching on that of which nothing you know.
Now isn't that true, Uncle Horace?
Chorus.—Horace Greeley, winky wy,
Have you seen the "Fawn" upon the sly?
Will you write us that up by and by?
O you naughty Horace Greeley.

....."What a pity it is that man should put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains!" We forgot who said that, but it's a good thing. We thought of this a few nights ago, in a theatre, when an apology was made for a man who was—drunk—"indisposed" was the term used in accounting for the non-appearance of the professional, but—"drunk" he was; too drunk to attempt the part for which he was cast. Time was when a dose of the "goose," administered at the hands of the public, would have cured these "indisposed" actors of their drunken freaks, and made the metropolitan stage less of a "hospital" than it is at present. A cure was recently effected in another way. An actor, who was strongly addicted to the flowing bowl, was cast for a part in which he is supposed to drink a poisonous liquid from a golden goblet, and turn the cup upside down to show that he has "drunk it to the dregs." Here was a good opportunity to play a trick on the drunken actor, so the goblet was filled with a dose of Ipecac, rhubarb, and other vile decoctions, and the goblet placed ready to the hand of the victim. He had been accustomed, in playing the part, to have the goblet filled with ale or wine, or some such drink. It was, therefore, with a firm hand that he grasped the "poisoned chalice," anticipating the pleasure of a "nice drink." The first mouthful was sufficient; he missed his accustomed beverage; but the goblet must be drained in presence of the audience—he studied a moment, then swallowed the "fatal draught." He finished his part before the "nice drink" began its dread work, but that night he was in agony—a sicker man you never saw. They dosed him, emptied him, filled him up again, bailed him out, bled him, etc, but it was an extended period ere he fully recovered:

Afflictions sore long time he bore,
Physicians were in vain,
Till the ipecac had run its course,
And eased him of his pain.

Although he vowed vengeance against the authors of the trick, he never carried out his threats. The ruse cured him of his drunken habits, and the actor is one now that can be relied on.

THINGS THEATRICAL are a trifle weak; hard times, skating, sleighing, snow, rain and slush operating against the success of the drama, and giving managers the billious fever. Even the naked drama has lost a portion of its charms, for the public look upon the "Fawn" as a continuation of the "Crook;" they see nothing fresh in the new production; the legs are the same that they have gazed on hundreds of times ere the "Crook" began to grow stale—legs whose proportions in their earlier stages carried all before them, but hashed up now lose all their charms. The skirts may be curtailed, the waists cut down to the lowest notch, but, though all may be nude, nothing is new. Even Smythe does not manifest the same interest in the "Fawn" as he did in the "Crook" *C'est vrai.* [It is true.—ED.]

MR. CHARLES FOPE is at present in this city to secure talent and arrange for the production of new pieces at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., which establishment he assumes the management of after March 2d.

THE ENTERTAINMENTS presented at the New York Circus every evening, besides on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, are in every respect well worthy the consideration of all who are fond of enjoying themselves for a couple of hours. The company at present performing there is one of the best we have had in this city for a long time. W. Dutton is a very good rider, and his trick and somerset act the past week was well done. The Bunnells Family, consisting of Bunnells and his two children, are very talented performers. They did their ground act, called "Chrystal Pyramids," and it was a pleasing gymnastic performance. Mr. Bunnells also did an equestrian act of carrying his boy, Bonnie. Instead of having a clown to his act, Mr. Bunnells prefers to have his son Freddy in the circle, who, during the resting spells, turns a number of flip flaps, which does not make his act at all tiresome. The Denzer Brothers, who are among the best gymnasts in the country, executed a number of feats in a graceful and pleasing manner. El Nino Eddy appeared on the tight rope. This youngster is one of the best performers on the rope seen here for many a day. He appears so easy and is so graceful that no one appears alarmed at his attempts to execute difficult feats. Without the balance-pole he walks backwards and forwards the entire length of the rope with as much ease as we have seen others do with the aid of the pole. He turns several backward somersets, besides many other feats. W. H. Lester is a good contortionist, doing everything we have ever seen any other "bender" do, and equally as well. B. Rivers, who is the equestrian manager, is an "old times rocks" performer, having been in the business for a long time. He appears every evening in an equestrian act. Last week he did the "changes." He is a good rider as well as general performer. Lucille Watson is the star female equestrian, and by her bold and fearless riding is a favorite. The clowns to the circle are Joe Pentland and Nat Austin, both of whom enjoy a good reputation in this city as well as wherever they have appeared. The pantomime of "Love in a Barrel" was performed each evening the past week, with Charley Sherwood and others of the company in the cast.

MAGGIE MITCHELL made her *re-entree* at the Olympic Theatre on the 3d inst., in "Fanchon," a character with which she has been identified for the past six seasons, having played it with great success in nearly every city in this country. She was welcomed by a good house, and the business continued good throughout the week. The piece was well placed upon the stage, carefully cast and well rendered. "Fanchon" is a translation from the German, by Aug. Waldauer, leader of the orchestra at DeBar's St. Louis Theatre, and was originally played by Maggie Mitchell at the St. Louis Theatre. As a moral, entertaining and picturesque stage exhibition, it is of the highest order of merit. Were all plays so unexceptionable, so thoroughly good, the theatre would disarm reproach. The character of Fanchon, so charmingly impersonated by Maggie, is one of the most delightful creations of genius. In the first acts, the character of Fanchon is developed with indescribable effect; her wild nature, her *abandon*, her *naive* simplicity, absolute *nonchalance*, and dashing, laughing causticity, are all rich beyond expression. But the refining process of nature and the influence of love tell gradually upon her, and at the end she becomes one of the most loveable, charming and winning characters. Maggie seems to have improved considerably since we last saw her, for she never appeared to greater advantage than she did the past week. The Landry of James Collier was very excellently played. Mr. Collier is a great favorite in this city, and deservedly so, for he is a careful, painstaking actor. Owen Marlowe's Didier was a clever performance. Mr. Davidge, as Father Barbeaud, gave an excellent, vigorous, eminently choleric, testy and *proper* old country gentleman. Alice Harrison gave a good performance of the spoiled village belle, Madelon, half-hearted, pettish and indignant. Mrs. Hind, who was the original Old Fadet, is the best we have ever yet seen. Taken as a whole, "Fanchon" is a success, and will be repeated all this week.

"PICKWICK PAPERS" having failed to attract remunerative audiences at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, was played on the 8th for the last time, and this evening the local drama of the "Streets of New York" is to be produced, with John Mortimer as Badger, and Chas. Parsloe as the Bootblack.

JAMES E. MURDOCH without doubt the best reader that has been heard in this country, commences a series of readings at Steinway Hall this evening, under the management of Samuel Colville. The programme for this evening is as follows:—Part First.—Extract from Shakespeare's play of the "Merchant of Venice;" the trial scene, act IV; Drifting; The Vagabond; or the story of the Fiddler and his Dog; the Light Brigade, or, the Charge of the Six Hundred. Part Second.—The Rising, or, the Patriot Parson—an incident of '76; Extract from Thomas Buchanan Read's poem, entitled "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies;" Monsieur Tonson, or the Rogueries of Tom King, the Jester; Sheridan's Ride, written for and originally recited by Mr. Murdoch; concluding with Mr. Pickwick and the Lady in Yellow Curl Papers. The second reading will be given on Feb. 11, at Lyric Hall, Sixth avenue, between 41st and 42d streets; the third reading at Steinway Hall, Feb. 12; the fourth reading at Steinway Hall, Feb. 13; the fifth reading at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Feb. 14, and the sixth reading at Steinway Hall, (*matinee*) Feb. 15.

HATTIE THORNE was married in this city on the 2d inst., to George W. Middleton, a member of the theatrical profession. Hattie was well known in the original Marsh troupe as Hattie Johnson. While in California she married Charley Thorne, Jr. As Hattie has tried married life for a second time, may her pathway be strewn with little roses as well as little Thornes.

PYAU, the Russian athlete, who made so favorable an impression at the New York Circus a few weeks since, re-appears there this evening in his thrilling feats upon the flying *trapeze*.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS produce this evening a burlesque on "Under the Gaslight," entitled, "Under the Kerosene Lamp," in one act and three scenes, which will afford the lovely and gushing Sorrel Sisters an opportunity to show their agility in the beauties of burnt cork. Mr. J. B. Donniker, the musical director, has written a song called "Chime of Bells; or, Whisper so Gently," which will be sung this evening for the first time. This company is giving a first class entertainment. It is very singular, however, that so little of the new funny business, as well as the songs, composed of late for this branch of the profession, should be so poor. Cannot authors possessing some wit write new negro acts, and does it not pay musical composers to give us some ballads as good as those we have been in the habit of hearing in former years? The San Francisco Minstrels comprise some of the best artists known in the business; the talent is there, and what is most needed, is that which will give them an opportunity of developing it. Mr. Wambold is, without doubt, one of the sweetest ballad singers in the profession, and, generally speaking, his selection of songs is good. There are a great many patrons of this hall who go especially to hear him and naturally look for a ballad from him in the olio, which he used to give not long since. Bobby Newcomb has established himself in the good opinion of the audience by his songs and dances, which he does in such a quiet, gentlemanly style that he receives from three to four *encores* each evening. Mr. Newcomb is a good performer, but we think that he is a little too quiet in his first dances, as his style is such as to give him the appearance of too much affectation. In his attempt to introduce a new style he overshoots the mark a trifle. Cooper and Fields are two very clever young performers. They do a good double clog and song and dance and costume themselves in a neat manner. The burlesque opera business is made a feature of by Bernard, Wambold and Rice. Wambold's Dutch business is very laughable, and Rice possesses a voice for this business excelled by no one. All the funny business devolves upon those two double refined wit extractors, Birch and Backus.

THE "WHITE FAWN" is attracting large audiences to Niblo's, but not such crowds as attended the early representations of the "Black Crook." Nevertheless, Manager Wheatley will not complain if business continues even as good as it has been. When the "Crook" was first produced, it introduced novelties such as had not been seen in this country for many years. Furthermore, the public had been surfeited with heavy tragedies, besides old played out pieces, and the hungry public craved something new. The regular theatre-goers commenced to give the legitimate a cold shoulder, and betake sed their patronage upon the music halls, where they could witness a variety of performances, something that was spicy and highly flavored at that. At these places of amusement, the *ballet divertissements* were made the feature of the entertainment. Some of the best *danseuses* to be found in the country were secured at a high salary, and it was this style of entertainment that not only pleased but attracted crowded houses. During this time Kate Bateman was playing "Leah," Lucille Western was appearing in some of her best impersonations, and the Ravels were doing their best in pantomime at Niblo's. All of these artists were playing at different periods at Niblo's Garden to nearly empty benches, with a daily loss to Manager Wheatley. Seeing what pleased the public he resolved to cut the star business, and produce something superior to anything in the spectacular way ever seen in this country. Mr. Barras presented the "Black Crook" as a frame work whereby a variety of entertainments could be introduced. A large and attractive *corps de ballet* was secured in Europe, besides a transformation scene which had been much admired in London. After months of careful preparation, attended by considerable expense, involving nearly every dollar that Mr. Wheatly could command, the "Crook" was produced in such a manner of completeness of detail and magnificence, as to make it the town talk. For months it was impossible to obtain standing room after the performance commenced. Everything in the spectacular way that was thought of, or could be devised, was introduced in this piece, outdoing anything of the kind ever before seen in this country. All this was *then* a novelty, and was, as it deserved to be, liberally patronized by the public. Seeing that the "Crook" was on the wane, Manager Wheatly commenced preparing for the production of another show piece, to surpass, if possible, all his previous efforts. After a trip to Europe, individually, besides several visits of his agents, a new piece was secured, and every preparation made for its early production. The "White Fawn" was the play, which is a translation of "Biche au Bois," a piece that enjoyed a long run in Paris. An entire new *corps de ballet* was engaged, including several *premier danseuses*, who were intended for the "Fawn." As these *danseuses* arrived here several weeks before they were wanted, and as they were on salary, a combination was effected under the management of Harry Jarrett, and the party opened in Chicago in the spectacular play of "Undine," which would not only keep the people earning their salary, but get them in practice for their opening in the "Fawn." A few performances soon convinced those most interested that the dancers were inferior to those already seen in this city, and it would be bad policy to let them appear. The old party were therefore retained, and the Chicago *corps* kept in the West. When the "Fawn" was first produced there was considerable disappointment at not seeing any new *premier danseuses*, although a few *claquers* who frequent the corners of the parquet near the stage every night, and disturb every one in their immediate neighborhood by loud clapping of hands and frequently a horrible screeching noise, did the orthodox enthusiastic and appreciative applause. Night after night can the same parties be found in the same places making the same noise, and working as hard as it as if they were drawing a regular salary for the "free and independent" expression of their feelings. We can easily understand why this is done. The person who has charge of the *ballet* part of the performance is determined to make this a feature of the evening's amusement, no matter what the sacrifice may be. Bonfanti has by her long connection at this establishment become the favorite with a few, and no matter how many better dancers than Bonfanti may be engaged, they will not be allowed to overtop her in popularity as long as these claqueurs can be kept at their post. Having witnessed the transformation scene several times, we are better enabled to speak of it than after one performance. It is a magnificent affair, and has, no doubt, cost a great deal more money than did the one in the "Crook," but it is by no means as gorgeous, nor does it give as much satisfaction. The great trouble with it is there is too much of it within the given space; it is too crowded, so much so that before one half is seen the curtain descends. A great deal of gold foil has been used, sufficient in itself to make it dazzling enough without lighting up about twenty pans of red fire, which destroys more than adds to the general effect. The great beauty of the "Crook" scene was in the variety of changes, each change complete in itself, and displaying something more beautiful than the preceding one. In the "Fawn" scene this is not so. Every night we hear comparisons made by the auditors between the two scenes, and in every instances they prefer the former one. On the 4th inst., we sat the performance through for the second time and found a great change since the first night. The curtain rises at 7.30; the prologue is over at 8.05; the second act terminates at 9.04 and the third act at 10:30. Then there is a wait of twenty minutes for the setting of the transformation, which takes ten minutes to develop, closing the performance at eleven o'clock. Many will wonder how there can be such a change and curtailment of time since the first performance when the curtain descended at seven minutes of two without any transformation scene. In the first place some of the dances have been omitted, also several of the very badly-sung songs, besides the pantomime and other business. Mrs. Mark Smith played the *role* of Finetta (previously enacted by Lizzie Wilmore) the night we were present the past week, and the song of "I Love the Military," so well rendered by Miss Wilmore, was omitted. The music composed for this piece by Mr. Mollenhauer, (which we have heretofore neglected to mention,) is no more suitable for a spectacular piece than it is for a funeral dirge.

MR. AND MRS. HENDERSON, of the Pittsburgh, Pa., Opera House, returned from Europe the past week, arriving here on the 4th inst. by the City of London.

JOHNNY MACK sails for California by the steamer of the 11th inst., under engagement to W. H. Smith, who will return to the Pacific Slope by the following steamer.

CLIVE LOGAN makes her *debut* as a humorous "lecturess," at Dodworth Hall, on the 19th inst., in a lecture called "Stage Struck."

THE MANAGERS of the leading theatres of this city held a meeting at Delmonico's on Jan. 28th, to take into consideration the increase of tax upon the gross receipts proposed by those in power in Washington. Two per cent has been paid on the gross receipts for some time, and it is now proposed to increase it to four per cent, which will make a great difference with managers, particularly with Mr. Wheatley, whose gross receipts last year amounted to $505,864. It will also seriously effect the circuses through the country, some of whom take over $2,000 a day. Several weeks ago Avery Smith, the largest circus manager in the country, took some steps in the matter to see what could be done for the benefit of the circus business. Managers have from the first looked upon this tax as unjust, as they have to pay on the gross receipts whether they are making a dollar or not. At the meeting of the managers it was proposed to send a representative to Washington, and, if possible, have the law changed so that managers of every kind of a place of amusement shall pay each year a license of $5,000, and no two per cent tax. Now this is all very well for managers of the larger theatres, but what is to become of the variety places of amusement, which are equally as attractive and as much needed as any other kind of entertainment? Scarcely a music hall manager in the country can, with the great expense attending the opening of such a place, afford to pay so large a sum in advance. This movement on the part of the managers would give them an opportunity to increase their rates of admission to what point they pleased. We believe in letting the little folks a chance as well as the big ones.

LEON made his *re-entree* at Kelly and Leon's Minstrel Hall on the 3d inst., after a retirement of several weeks. His reception was one of the most enthusiastic that has been accorded any public performer in this city for many years. He appeared first in a song and dance called "Salamagundi Johnson" to the tune of "Miscdemus Johnson," which he executed in a characteristic and happy manner. He was enthusiastically *encored* when he gave a stump speech introducing many local hits upon the times, which took very well. He was again called out when he played upon a penny trumpet. Leon's burlesque of "The Grand Dutch 8" was produced for the first time on the 3d, with Leon as the Grand Dutch 8, W. H. Brockway as Fritz, Nelse Seymour as Prince Paul, Griffin as Boum, and Purdy as Baron Puck. As a burlesque it is one of Leon's best and was capitally placed upon the stage with new costumes for every performer, the original music from the opera and an efficient chorus. Leon's make-up was capital, as was Seymour's, Griffin's and Brockway's, and they enacted their several *roles* very well indeed. Leon had three changes of dress, each one of which was very handsome indeed. The dresses worn by Seymour were also very fine. Sam Price looked gushing as the fair Wanda, and acted his or her part well. The singing was good, particularly the "Cheese Knife of my Pa" and the exit song of the conspirators. The Can-Can was illustrated by Leon and Seymour amid great applause. The burlesque ended with a collison and explosion of two steamboats, which did not work very well until after the first night. Taken as a whole the burlesque is a capital one and will no doubt have a run, as it has been well written, carefully placed upon the stage and nicely rendered. In the first part George Guy sang a new ballad called "Good Bye Old Home," composed by W. H. Brockway. It is a very pretty ballad, with original words, and set to good music.

A PANTOMIME is in active preparation at the Olympic Theatre and will be produced at the termination of Maggie Mitchell's engagement.

MR. G. C. QUICK, the well-known circus manager, who accompanied the American Circus to Paris, and who was stricken with paralysis some time since, is, we are pleased to state, rapidly recovering, and will be on the road again this summer, stirring up the canvas men.

AN AMATEUR DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT was given in Masonic Hall, this city, on Feb. 1st, under the management of W. L. Stender and A. M. Ray. The bill consisted of "Nick of the Woods" and "The Loan of a Lover." Mr. Ray in the title *role* of the first piece and Wm. Stender as Ralph Stackpole made decided hits. Mrs. Agnes Hamilton was good in the part of Telie Doe, as was also J. G. Raymond in that of Roland Forrester. The rest of the characters were well sustained, and altogether it was one of the best amateur performances given in the city for two years.

A DRAMATIC COLLEGE.—We are frequently applied to by parties who are anxious to obtain instructions preparatory to adopting the stage as a profession. Messrs T. G. Riggs and George Thompson, two gentlemen well and favorably known in the profession, have opened such a place at 189 Bowery, where they have fitted up a fine stage, with scenery and every convenience for teaching the young as well as the old how to become proficient in the show business. For particulars see advertisement elsewhere.

MESSRS. LOWELL AND SIMMONDS, whose dramatic agency is on the first floor of 609 Broadway, just below Houston street, are making rapid progress in their new line of business, judging by the vast amount of business that they have to attend to. They are the accredited agents for the new Temple of Music as well as the Alhambra now building in San Francisco, and are prepared to treat with every kind of a performer who may wish to try his fortune in the land of gold. For particulars we refer the reader to the advertisements set forth in another column.

LEAVITT, WILD AND EAGAN have established a Minstrel and Variety Agency in this city, and propose to do their best in supplying the wants of the profession, both in securing engagements and in procuring stage material, etc. For their address, etc., see advertisement.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS of the Theatre Comique for the month of January amounted to $11,550. Messrs. Sharpley, Cotton and White paid on this a revenue tax of $231.

THE SUPERINTENDENT of Public Buildings declares that he will enforce the law passed by the last Legislature in reference to the crowding of the aisles at theatres and other places of public entertainment with chairs, stools, benches, etc. This law provides that "all aisles and passage-ways in said buildings devoted to places of amusement shall be kept free from chairs, sofas and other obstructions during any performances, services, exhibitions, lectures, concerts, balls or any public assemblage." It has frequently occurred that at various theatres in the city, on the occasion of "crowded houses," the provisions contained in this law have been violated to the great detriment of the public safety.

MISS E. V. PROUDFOOT takes a benefit at Pantvard's Museum on the afternoon of the 12th inst., on which occasion she will play in "Romeo and Juliet," "Modes" and "London Assurance."

RIVERS & Co., the dramatic agents of No. 13 West Houston street, of this city, are at all times prepared to furnish managers with talent; they have vacancies also for professionals. By their advertisements in another column it will be seen that they are agents for Samuel Stickney and M'lle. Ida, of the circus profession, for whom they wish to secure an engagement for the forthcoming tenting season.

"OUR VILLAGE PET" is the title of a new play written expressly for Maggie Mitchell, which will shortly be produced at the Olympic.

DEATH OF HAH YAH-TA KEE.—This Japanese performer, who recently made his *debut* in this city at the Academy of Music, died in this city on Saturday evening, the 8th inst. At the last performance of his troupe it was announced that he was suffering from severe indisposition; and the poor fellow came forward, and, by expressive pantomime, indicated how great were his bodily sufferings. That was his last appearance on any stage. He was one of the smartest performers in the Japanese line yet seen in this country. His funeral took place this morning (the 10th) from No. 20 Bleecker street.

LOTTA continues her engagement in this city at the Broadway Theatre. Business with her was very good the past week, considering the great outside attraction of skating and sleighing. "Little Nell and the Marchioness" continues the attraction for the current week, which is announced as the last week but one of her present engagement. She will be succeeded by Frank Chanfrau.

THE HANLON BROTHERS are announced as in the last week of their present engagement in this city at the Theatre Comique. The three brothers do their triple partarre act this week; a new pantomime is also announced, together with the re-appearance of Wm. Carleton, the Irish vocalist. Harry Gurr, the champion swimmer, and M'lle Gertrude, with her trained dogs, continue as attractive cards as ever. Alfred Hanlon appeared the past week in his act called "The Aerial Promenade," which is the most thrilling and daring gymnastic act we have ever seen, eclipsing everything else in the aerial way. Mr. Hanlon first ascends to an ordinary trapeze suspended over the stage. He stands erect on the bar, and after swinging it to and fro, lets go his hands and balances himself on the small iron bar without holding on. This he does several times, changing the vibration each time. He afterwards rests upon his knees, with the trapeze swinging very rapidly. He then sits in a chair with the two hind legs resting on the bar and balances himself without using his hands. He does the same with a ladder. Each one of these feats is more daring and difficult than the other. He then ascends to the dome, where is placed a plank running from the proscenium to the gallery, hanging from which are twenty-five small rope rings. Swinging from the proscenium to the gallery by the three flying trapeze, Mr. Hanlon returns to the proscenium, walking head downwards, with his feet catching one of the rings as he proceeds. The act is, indeed, a most remarkable one.

"THE FEMALE BLUEJACKETS," a new comic drama, and the Can Can are the latest attractions offered at Tony Pastor's Opera House for the current week. Messrs. Hogle and Keefe, two excellent gymnastic performers, put in a first appearance this evening.

NOVELTY, ORIGINALITY AND VERSATILITY" are the order of the night at Butler's American Theatre, where each and every one of the performers engaged is one of the best to be found in the business. Charley Pettengill, Bob Hart, Frank Kerns, Geo. H. Goes, Josephine Zuccoli, Tommy Ryan, James Wambold and Vivian, the comic vocalist, are among the principal attractions.

Dramatic.

OF CHICAGO THEATRICALS our advices are up to Feb. 5th, under which date our correspondent "Loiterer" says:—"'Web upon Web' was drawn from the Museum boards on Jan. 31st, and the bill for Feb. 1st consisted of 'Nine Points of Law,' 'Anthony and Cleopatra,' and 'Nicholas Nickleby.' I do not think the Chicago public will ever see 'Web upon Web' again. The only merit connected with the piece was the local scenes by Waugh. 'No Thoroughfare' is up for the current week, and is very well received. Frank Aiken appears as Vendale, Blaisdell as Walter Wilding, Le Moyne as Joey Ladle, in which he is very funny, and Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Stoneall respectively as Marguerite and Mad. Dorr. 'Our Mutual Friend' next (this) week.....Edwin Booth loses the support of Miss McVicker this (last) week, that lady being very ill. On the 3d inst., Mrs. Cowell sustained the *role* of Lady Anne in 'Richard the Third,' and next day the morning papers, without an exception, contained a criticism on *Miss McVicker's rendition of Lady Anne.* The 'Quills' were all at the Opera, and drew on their fertile imagination for Miss McVicker's credit.....Grover's Italian and German Opera Troupe opened at Crosby's on the 3d inst., in 'Ernani,' introducing Mme. Kapp Young and Signors Pancani and Antonucci for the first time in Chicago. Last night, in 'Crispino e Comare,' Miss Minnie Houck made her initial bow to the Chicago public, and straightway won her way to their hearts. The attendance, so far, has been too light for financial benefit.....Zoe follows Booth at McVicker's, instead of the Hanlons.....Katie Putnam, late of the 'Undine Troupe,' and Harry Wood, late of the Museum, left for Fort Desmoines, Iowa, on Sunday night.....Manager Biddell, formerly with Blanche De Bar, is in the city in the interest of Jean Lander, who opens at Crosby's on the 10th inst., with her own company.....A. M. Hernandez takes a benefit at Crosby's Music Hall on Feb. 14th. He has composed a new piece, on the guitar, descriptive of the noise and bustle of the recent conflagration in this city, and will play it in public for the first time on that occasion. He informs me that he expects to open with Dan Bryant at his new minstrel hall in New York."

MESSRS. MILLS, DAVEY AND RUSH, after one month spent in reorganizing, re-opened with the "Black Crook" at Fond du Lac, Wis., on the 4th inst., with the following:—Rodolphe, Milton Nobles; Hertzog, A. Balfour; Greppo, E. C. Buell; Count Wolfenstein, A. Mallen; Von Puffengrautz, Tom Coleman; Wolfgar, G. W. Daniels; Bruno, J. C. Fitch; Casper, W. J. Connor; Amina, L. Montague; Dame Barbara, Mrs. E. C. Buell; Carline, Maggie Willett; Rosetta, Julia Johnson; Gialacta, Hattie Price; Dragonfin, John Denier; and Zamiel, N. G. Brown. The Carl Sisters led a *corps de ballet* of twelve ladies. A correspondent says:—"The performance gave satisfaction. The set pieces are all new, and the grotto and transformation scenes second to none ever produced outside of the metropolitan cities. The audience was the largest ever assembled in this city, and gave evidence of their gratification by hearty applause. The incantation and pandimonium scenes, by T. E. Mills, Jr., were skillfully executed and very effective. The entire performance passed off with remarkable smoothness, and the curtain fell before eleven o'clock, amid continued and enthusiastic applause."

THE OLD PITTSBURGH THEATRE may be rented till first of May next by addressing A. Charles, as per advertisement.

THE LOTTA OPERA TROUPE opened in Memphis on Jan. 28th.

GEO. C. BONIFACE played a star engagement the past week at the Opera House, Norfolk, Va. He appeared in "Narcisse," "Hamlet," "Stranger," "Nick of the Woods" and "Sea of Ice."

E. G. PACKARD, "second old man," advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement.

MR. GEORGE CLAIR is said to be meeting with success in Troy, N. Y., as a reader. The press of Troy without exception pronounce him fully equal to Dickens. He is about to run in opposition to Bor, by presenting him in the various cities of the Union, under the title of the "King of Hearts," and reading "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "The American Notes."

THE HOUSTON (TEXAS) THEATRE was opened for the winter season under the management of the veteran Capt. W. H. Crisp, Jan. 20th, with the following ladies and gentlemen:—J. F. Noyes, leading and stage manager; C. T. Wolfe, F. L. Wise, E. Bohn, C. G. Strahan, C. Stevenson, J. B. Genobly, J. C. Breene, W. Moore, Stanly and Evans, Mrs. W. H. Crisp, Hannah E. Bailey, Agnes Stanfield, Cecelia Percy and Mary Whee an.

FRIENDSHIP.—In one of the Philadelphia Courts, during the past week, a suit was tried in which the "Actor's Order of Friendship" were the plaintiffs, and Cyrus Carson the defendant

ceeded on Jan. 14th, and Betty's place was filled by M'lle Leah, who pleased the audience. M'lle Laurent, M'lle Frank and Marie Sands, also came in for a fair share of applause, which they are well worthy of. John Franklin as the Dragonfin, is very good. The 'Crook' holds the boards for three nights longer and then goes to Memphis."

THE HANLON BROTHERS, Thomas, Edward and Frederick, with their newly organized European combination, commenced their season most auspiciously at St. James Hall, Buffalo, on the 3d inst., and appear during the present week at Young Men's Hall, Detroit. We publish the following flattering notice of their initial entertainment from the Buffalo *Commercial*, of Feb. 2d:—"THE HANLONS.—The brothers Thomas, Edward and Frederick Hanlon, with their admirable troupe, made their first appearance at St. James Hall last evening, before a large audience, and gave a most pleasing and entertaining performance. The performance commenced with a comic stilt dance by the clown, Tony Denier, which was irresistibly funny. Mons. Alrec, in his act entitled Aerevolante, showed a skill and daring rarely witnessed. The ventriloquism of Mr. Hilton was also very entertaining. But the most thrilling portion of the performance was the great Triple Parterre, by the brothers Thomas, Edward and Frederick Hanlon. This is one of the most beautiful, and at the same time one of the most thrilling combination of feats ever witnessed upon the stage or in the arena. The Drawing Room Entertainment of Thomas Hanlon and his little pupils, Masters Julien, Francois and Victor, is chaste and amusing. In fact the whole performance is decidedly good; and what is more, it is wholly without offence. The most fastidious can attend the exhibitions of these gentlemen—for the Hanlons *are* gentlemen—with the perfect assurance that nothing in the remotest degree offensive will be presented. They give their second performance this evening, and we advise all who would witness an unexceptionable entertainment to be present."

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE Elmira, N. Y., has the repute of being one of the best edifices in the State for dramatic and other performances. It has a large seating capacity, is elegantly furnished, and has all the requisites of a first class theatre. D. W. Waller is the lessee, and to him application should be made by parties wishing to hire it. See advertisement elsewhere.

MRS. MARY DOYLE, the mother of a *ballet* girl employed at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, died in abject poverty in that city on Jan. 22. The *attachés* of the Howard made up a purse of $70 for the poor girl.

EDWIN FORREST opened an engagement at the New Memphis Theatre on the 3d inst. in "Richelieu."

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" was produced at the New Memphis Theatre on Jan. 27th, but was a failure.

MRS. G. C. HOWARD commenced a week's engagement at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on the 3d inst., opening in her original impersonation of Topsey, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Her engagement, says our correspondent "Mose," "has been anything but a success, the extreme cold weather having had the effect of keeping many from the theatre. She was admirably supported by J. S Rooney as Uncle Tom; John Davis as Phineas Fletcher; L. H. Everett as St. Clair; W. J. Hurley as George Harris; Henry Linden as Marks; S. L. Knapp as Gumption Cute; Laura Linden as Eliza; Maggie Parker as Marie St. Clair; Mrs. John Davis as Aunt Ophelia, and La Petite Georgia as Eva. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' held the boards four nights. This (Friday) evening is set apart for her benefit, on which occasion 'Oliver Twist' will be presented, with Mrs. Howard as Nancy Sykes.... Alice Kingsbury is the next star......The Albany Theatrical Company, lately attached to the Academy of Music, and who were sufferers by the late disastrous conflagration, played 'Under the Gaslight' at the Griswold Opera House on the afternoon of the 5th inst., Manager Everett having kindly tendered them the use of the Opera House."

DAVIS & CO., the Cincinnati dramatic agents, publish their usual proclamations in the advertising columns of this week's CLIPPER, by which it will be seen that they are in want of talent of various descriptions. They are also prepared to supply the wants of managers.

FANNIE AND HOPKINS' DRAMATIC COMBINATION closed at Lancaster, Pa., on the 4th.

THE FOURTH STREET THEATRE, Cincinnati, O., is now in full swing with a stock company, but the management is always ready to recruit talent, as will be observed by advertisement elsewhere.

DILLON'S COMEDY TROUPE opened at Dubuque, Ia., on the 29th ult., for six nights.

THEATRICALS in New Orleans, for the week ending Feb. 1st, says our correspondent, "Frank," "have been fair considering the dull times. At the St. Charles, Edwin Forrest was the reigning star. On Jan. 27th, 'Metamora' was produced, and on the 31st, 'Gladiator' was presented on the last night of Mr. Forrest. The house was crowded and the performance passed off in good style. On Feb. 1st, Nat Hyams took a benefit, and three pieces were played; 'Somebody's Son,' 'The Irish Emigrant,' and 'Glance at New York,' Ben De Bar appearing in the latter piece as Mose; Billy Sweatnam did a song and dance; Hank Mason a jig, and Hyams appeared in three characters. The house was well filled, and the entertainment given was excellent. This evening (Feb. 3d) 'Nick of the Woods,' with Ben De Bar as Roaring Ralph Stackpole and Mose, in 'Glance at New York.' On Feb. 4th, Dan Bryant appears in the 'Irish Emigrant' and 'Handy Andy'......At the Varieties, Joseph Jefferson is playing a successful engagement. On Jan. 27th, 'Mazeppa' and 'Lend Me Five Shillings' were produced to an excellent house; Jan. 28th, same bill was given; 29th, 'Poor Gentleman' and the 'Spitfire;' 30th, same bill was presented; 31st, 'Heir at Law,' and the 'Spectre Bridegroom;' Feb. 1st, 'Rip Van Winkle' in the evening, and for the *matinee*, 'Arrah-Na-Pogue;' Feb. 2d, 'Mazeppa' and the 'Spitfire;' Feb. 3d, and last night of Mr. Jefferson, 'Neuman Noggs' and 'Mazeppa.' Edwin Adams is in town, and commences an engagement at this house on Feb 10th......At the New Opera House business has been very good. On Jan 27th, 'La Belle Helena' was produced to a crowded house; Jan. 28th, 'Huguenots;' 29th, 'La Belle Helena;' 31st, 'Dragoons De Villards;' Feb. 1st, 'Dragoons De Villards;' 2d, first night of "Jean La Poste," ('Arrah Na Pogue')......The National (German) opens Feb. 5th, with Signor Lottie's German Opera Troupe, commencing with 'Martha'......At the Academy of Music business the past week has been good, Billy Emerson and Dick Parker being the great attractions. Emerson's song and dance is good, but he is not the favorite here that he was two years ago, and is nightly injuring his reputation by his gaging and the slang he uses while on the stage. Dick Parker in his banjo solos is very good, as is anything he does. Harry Bloodgood is an excellent song and dance artist and has made many friends in this city. On Feb. 3d, Alfred Stewart, the young Irish comedian, appears in the farce of 'The Irish Lion,' together with Carter, Schoolcraft, Delehanty, Hengler, Ryman, the Clinetop Sisters, Miss Taylor, Miss St. Clair and La Petite Anita, in the usual variety entertainment......The Olympic came to an abrupt stop on Jan. 29th, in consequence of the dull state of business. Those of the company that could get away have gone, the balance remain anxiously waiting for something to turn up. Johnny Redden takes a benefit at this house to-night; he may look for a crowded house, as Johnny was a big favorite at this place when open. A host of performers have volunteered."

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and company commenced a season of two weeks at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 3d, and attracted only fair houses. In the company are E. W. Watson, Harry Lovell, N. J. Hurley, E. H. Heybourne, C. J. Thorne, Frank Coltin, Hattie Orton, Mary Lovell, Mollie Bernard, and others. The pieces produced were "Richelieu," "Hamlet," "The Robbers," "Macbeth," "Merchant of Venice," "Used Up" and "Richard III," and on Saturday afternoon "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Our correspondent says:—"The Richelieu of Mr. Buchanan was a very good performance: his Hamlet only passable; his Macbeth very good; his Richard, ditto. During the performance of 'Richelieu' he was loudly applauded, and at the end of the fourth act was called before the curtain, when he made a short speech, praising his company very highly, saying 'they rendered him the best support he has ever had.' The company will pass for a traveling one, nothing more. E. W. Watson is deserving of comment, for he is the best actor in the company, and did ample justice to many of the *roles* which he assumed during the week."

MRS. D. P. BOWERS concludes her engagement at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on the 15th inst., and will be succeeded by the young actress Emma Maddern, whose portrait appears on our first page this week.

TEMPLETON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in Charleston, S. C., on the 3d inst., in "Still Waters Run Deep" and "Swiss Cottage."

MR. AND MRS. HARRY WATKINS commenced at Savannah on the 3d inst.

LADY DON is the current star at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

"VALDBERG" is the title of a translation by Messrs. Shewell and Williams to be produced at the Boston Museum this week.

MR. AND MRS. FLORENCE opened at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 3d inst., with "Handy Andy" and "Rory O'Moore" and were welcomed by a large and fashionable audience.

THE MIKADO JAPANESE TROUPE, who closed in Philadelphia on the 8th inst., appear in Lancaster, Pa., on the 10th, 11th and 12th; Wilmington, Del., 13th, 14th and 15th, and open at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C, on the 17th, for one week. E. P. Kendall. who has advertised the troupe since they arrived in this country, six months ago, closed his engagement with them in Philadelphia, and Mr. G. W. Burgess, a partner with Marshall and Doyle, has taken his place. Mr. Kendall intends taking a brief vacation, and will soon be heard from with another first class circus and menagerie.

"THE WHITE FAWN" is to be produced at the Boston Theatre on the 12th inst. Wm. Wheatley and H. C. Jarrett were in Boston all the past week superintending its production.

"DORA," which has been so handsomely placed upon the stage and so well acted at Selwyn's Boston Theatre, continues the attraction this week on the off nights, with "School for Scandal," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "Money."

FANNY HERRING'S engagement in Boston at the Howard Athenæum, the past week, did not prove successful. She is succeeded this week by John E. Owens.

GARLAND'S BURLESQUE TROUPE continues at the Continental Theatre, Boston. Mr. Leffingwell was prevented by sickness from acting the past week, and Mr. McCloskey played his line of business. Mr. Leffingwell is to appear this week in "Ye Grand Queen Bess."

Negro Minstrelsy.

THE CRIPPLE BOYS at the National Asylum, Milwaukee, Wis., have organized a minstrel and dramatic troupe, with twelve active members. They start out on a tour the 1st of March. The troupe is under the control of Michael Larkin and Wm. Price, and will be known as "Uncle Sam's Veteran Variety Troupe."

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS played at the Opera House, Columbus, Ohio, on Jan. 31st and Feb. 1st, to two of the largest audiences ever assembled within that building. A correspondent says:—"The vociferous and deafening applause given throughout the evening was a just tribute to the artistic rendition given by the company, and their 'Congress Let Loose' took the house by storm. This company is said to be doing well on their western tour. They were to play in Dayton on Feb. 3d, 4th and 5th; Fort Wayne, 6th and 7th; Lafayette, 8th, 10th and 11th; Danville, 12th; Springfield, 13th, 14th and 15th, and Jacksonville 17th."

MINSTRELSY is doing a good share of business in Philadelphia. Carncross & Dixey's Troupe are enjoying a run of patronage equal to that enjoyed by the Bryants' Minstrels in New York in their palmy days. They are constantly producing something new, and this is one of the secrets of their success. Their latest burlesque, "Ours, or Maximilian's Avengers," has made a hit, and will be retained......At the Seventh Street Opera House, "Tunison & Co."—as the firm is now styled—are showing greater enterprise, and we trust that their efforts to please will meet with due encouragement. This week Johnny Mack's burlesque of "Under the Lamplight" is offered, with new scenery, effects, etc., and the "Pirates of the Schuylkill, or the Shoemaker's Daughter," is underlined......Happy Uncle Frank Brower continues to do mine host at his house of call in North street, below Market......The Dobson Brothers, banjoists, have also turned bonifaces, having bought out a saloon in Eighth street, below Chestnut, which they opened to the public on the 8th inst.

JOHNNY STEELE, well known in the profession as "Coal Oil Johnny," who it will be remembered during the breaking out of the oil fever came in possession of a well which yielded him daily two thousand dollars, is now driving a team for the party who now owns the same farm that was once his. He was the adopted son of an old lady who owned a farm in Pennsylvania, which proved to be worth thousands of dollars, in consequence of its yielding so much oil. Soon after the old lady's death, "Coal Oil Johnny" commenced a life of dissipation, and the putting on the road in magnificent style a minstrel company, which he traveled with for the fun of the thing, he neglected to look after the farm and it was seized by government for taxes, etc., and sold. He led such a fast life, that in a brief period he was so poor that the manager of the minstrel band (who he had started), actually had to hire him as doorkeeper. Since then he has been going from bad to worse, until now he is earning an honest living. There are a great many in the profession who have been benefitted by him to the amount of hundreds of dollars, and the least they can do now is to give him a helping hand.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS perform in Buffalo, N.Y., on the 23d and 24th inst.

J. K. BUCKLEY, the teacher, manufacturer, and player of the banjo, issues a sweeping challenge in this issue of the CLIPPER. Parties wishing to procure banjo music or become pupils, should refer to said card in our advertising columns.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS are said to be drawing crowded houses with their new burlesque of "Under the Kerosene Lamp" at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. A new burlesque entitled "Mazeppa; or, The Wild Mule of Bucktown" will shortly be brought out.

THE FISH FAMILY, assisted by Dan W. Collins, Frank Campbell, Dick Melville, Mike Foley and heaps of local talent, are to burnt-corkize at City Hall, Providence, R. I., on the 11th inst.

THERE is another change of programme for the current week at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn. Prof. Hutchinson, with his performing dogs, puts in an appearance in a variety of pleasing acts. The manager announces the early production of a gorgeous spectacle.

Music Halls.

THE STATE STREET THEATRE, Columbus, Ohio, under the management of Christi and Miller, is said to be doing well. The principal card at present is Frank Wilson, who succeeds in bringing down the house every evening with his "Essence," which is first class, as also his mirth-provoking comicalities on the end. The company consists of Dave Wilson, bones; H. Wilson, tambo; Miss Clifton, Nellie Davis, Louise Birch, Dan Shelby, Joe Lovely, and J. A. Hayes. Prof. De Louis has just closed a brief engagement with his trained dogs.

ANNIE GIBBONS and Nellie Huntley terminated a highly successful engagement at Washington on the 8th inst.

HARRY ATKINS, the comic vocalist, opened at Robotham's Concert Hall, Newark, N. J., on the 8th inst., in the place of Harry Richmond, who broke his engagement with Mr. Robotham without a moment's warning.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" is the title of a piece produced at the Varieties Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 3d inst. A train of cars and the Pier Scene were the features of the play.

ANNIE ELMORE, the Murray Brothers and John Lynch appeared at Millward's Varieties, Norfolk, Va., on the 3d inst.

DAN OBEELY, who seems to be up in stage business of various sorts, publishes a card to managers in the CLIPPER.

MR. AND MRS. EDWIN BLANCHARD and their dogs were added to the attractions at Fox's American Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, the past week. Mr. Blanchard is very earnest in his melodramatic business, and tears things to tatters in orthodox style, pleasing the gods in the upper region, and drawing forth many a hi! hi! from the youthful throats of those imperial dictators. Mrs. Blanchard—and there is a good deal of her by the bye—talks rather too rapidly, and lacks dramatic action. Of the four composing the troupe the dogs seem to give the greatest satisfaction; an unmistakeable outburst of genuine enthusiasm always greets the canines when they limp off with a wounded leg, or seize the uncircumcised villain of the piece by the dastard's throat. Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard and their four-footed companions—Nero and Carlo—are still on. "Zozo," reconstructed, continues its successful career. There are two or three pairs of nicely-developed legs in the *ballet* to gaze on, which makes many men supremely happy. The girls will introduce the Jockey Dance—the "Flying Scud"—this week, and Wm. Allen, Ethiopian comedian and jig dancer, will also put in an appearance. Let it not be forgotten that Mr. James Pilgrim, the hard-working stage manager of this establishment, is to have a benefit on Friday evening, Feb. 21st, being the eve of Washington's birthday. It is hardly necessary to advise our friends to remember Uncle Jeemes on that occasion, for his benefit is always sure to draw a big house. Business at the American is still large.

AT THE CANTERBURY at Washington, D. C., many new additions have recently been made to the company. Ema Fowler, balladist, left the establishment recently and was succeeded by Maggie Atlanta.

BREAD FOR THE POOR.—Mr. Robert Fox, manager of the American Varieties, Philadelphia, will distribute five hundred loaves of bread to the poor of that city on Wednesday, Feb. 12th, and continue the same every Wednesday evening until further notice.

AT THE MOBILE, ALA., MELODEON, the company consists of the following people:—Ned Barker, W. J. Jacobs, Mike Mitchell, Johnny Keegan, Master Wiley, Minnie Grey and M'lle Edith.

THE OLYMPIC AT MOBILE, ALA., was closed Jan. 20th by the sheriff, and was to be sold Feb. 3d by that functionary to the highest bidder. As several are "hankering" after the institution, it is very likely that it will be re-opened in a few days with the old company.

AT THE ALHAMBRA, Buffalo, N. Y., Gus. Clark and Lizzie Phillips continue to warble for the edification of their host of admirers.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, Ohio, Sam Johnson and his burlesque operatic quartet, and Clark Gibbs are the chief attractions this week.

THE PALACE VARIETIES is the name of a new establishment recently opened at Sprenger's Hall, North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa., by Mat Gebler, the well-known clown and comic singer. Jim Flake is stage manager and Prof. Frank Calvorton orchestra leader. The company consists of Fanny Forrest, Millie May, Billy Brown, Master Johnny, Jim Flake and Mat Gebler.

THE OLYMPIC VARIETIES, Leavenworth, Kansas, is doing a good business, we are informed, and additional talent is wanted there, as will be seen by advertisement.

Circuses.

JAMES DAY, a performer lately with Haight and Chambers' Circus, committed suicide, in Galveston, Texas, on Jan. 21st, by taking morphine. He was a native of Kingston, Canada, and aged 18 years. Lake's circus troupe took the corpse and buried it, Mr. James Martin attending to the ceremonies, and Mr. Russell, of the Melodion, generously furnishing the lot. He danced as a female with the show and had saved up about six hundred dollars, which he lost by the bursting up of the show. He was out of money and out of employment and killed himself. At the Coroner's inquest Mary McCarte, being sworn, on oath says:—"The deceased and I have been connected with the same circus company, and have traveled together for eighteen months. About five months ago he told me he was in the habit of taking morphine, and at that time had taken an over dose, which alarmed him. I know from the declarations of the deceased that he was in the habit of taking morphine frequently. He has frequently hinted to me that he would take his own life, and stated that he could not live without using morphine. The name of the deceased is James Day. He has been here about one week, and was employed at the Melodeon Concert Hall. I never heard of his having an epileptic fit, or fit of any kind."

LAKE'S CIRCUS pitched tent in Houston, Texas, on Jan. 23d., and opened, says a correspondent, to a big house. After the performance the Chief of Police demanded from Mr. Lake, the proprietor, $2 per day for the special officers detailed at the circus. Mr. Lake demurred to the payment, and stated that payment of license guaranteed him police force sufficient to protect his place of amusement, and that the demand was illegal and exorbitant. The Chief drew the ordinance of the city on him to that effect, and Mr. Lake paid the amount. Sergeant Kelly, of the night police, then attempted to go into the circus, and Mr. Lake objected and demanded the usual fee, and being refused it, resisted the Sergeant's entrance, whereupon the Chief ordered Mr. Lake's arrest, and he was quickly deported to the police office. Here a conference took place and the city ordinance again referred to, and Mr. Lake informed himself that the police sergeant, by law, can enter places of amusement free. Amicable relations followed mutual explanations, and the curtain dropped on the scene.

ORTON BROS. CIRCUS was at Navasota, Texas, on Jan. 23d, and was to go thence to Millicun, 24th; Anderson, 25th; and Bryan City, 27th and 28th. A correspondent says:—"Lake's Circus is behind us all along. Show papers are as thick as fleas in this land. We are doing well with our female silver band as a card. The following people are with us:—Miles Orton and Son, Leon, Dun and Lester Orton, Gaffney, the Lamont Brothers, Julian Harvey, Green, Montague, Dick Smith, Mat Hosmer, Mrs. Miles Orton, the Misses Irene and Celeste. Billy Andrews and John King are clowning. We are in this State two months and then cross to New Orleans, where we ship up the Mississippi to St. Louis. We had ten camels (brought from Mexico) at Galveston, and some animals at St. Louis for the summer."

OF ALL THE FISHES IN THE C—IRCUS, Master Charles Fish is as good as ever was caught, to. his equestrianism, for such a youth, is highly spoken of. Circus managers who wish to secure him for the tenting season should address his father at once as per advertisement.

BEN MAGINLEY, of Maginley and Carroll's Show, left this city for Jackson, Tenn., on the 7th inst., to perfect the arrangements for their start in the spring. They have been to considerable expense in refitting this winter, having had made a band chariot with silver mounted harness, new and elegant paraphernalia. The company comprises Mlle. Marie, Elize, Ben Maginley, W. B. Carroll, W. E. Rollande, Rob't Johnson, the Belmont Brothers, John G. Adams, John Nayler, George Smith, Chas. Davis, Master Willie and La Petite Anna.

DR. JAMES L. THAYER, of Thayer and Noyes Circus, was in Washington, D. C., last week.

CIRCUS STOCK, including horses, mules and canvas, with seats and trappings, are offered for rent or sale by Mr. Caldwell in our advertising columns.

SPARKS have often been the cause of the destruction of circus tents, but we are happy to have to say that the destruction by said sparks is now offset by Sparks of another kind, one who knows how to manufacture tents in good style, at least so says Ben Maginley, as will be seen by advertisement.

LUKE RIVERS, general performer in the circus business, can be secured for the coming tenting season. His address will be found elsewhere.

CIRCUS MANAGERS IN TROUBLE.—A correspondent in Houston, Texas, under date of January 19, sends us the following account of a law suit, in which the proprietors of Haight & Chambers' Circus are the principal actors, the latter being complainant, and the former defendants. We know nothing of the case except what our correspondent mentions. If the Messrs. Haight are innocent of the charges preferred against them they will doubtless make it apparent; if guilty, they will not be likely to invade Texas again:—

HOUSTON, Texas, January 19, 1868.

MR. FRANK QUEEN.—For the past six days the Justices' Court of Harris Co., held in this city, has been in session examining into a charge of embezzlement preferred against one Jacob Haight, a circus treasurer. The parties to the suit are Dr. Chambers, plaintiff, and Andrew and Jacob Haight, defendants, the three composing the firm of "Haight & Chambers' New Orleans Circus and Menagerie." A warrant against the defendants for the embezzlement of about sixty thousand dollars was issued; Jacob was arrested, and is still in confinement; Andrew absconded, and it is alleged carried off the missing funds. The evidence on the trial has elicited many strange facts, and demonstrated a well arranged, and for the time successful, imposition. It was clearly proven that, in the absence of Dr. Chambers, advertiser of the company, hotels, stables, salaries, transportation and other bills were settled by giving drafts on Bossey's Bank, in Galveston, after the funds deposited there had been drawn out. All the funds in the possession of the troupe, even to the ladies, in sums of from $50 to $700 were borrowed by these men, and bogus drafts or due bills given. The slight of hand trick of doubling in making change when selling tickets was elucidated, and Mr. Jake Haight proven to be an expert at this nefarious game. When the company arrived here the property was attached by the sheriff and the members, ladies and all, without an exception, were left moneyless in a strange and distant land to shift for themselves. Dr. Chambers returned from Galveston just in time to witness the wreck and loss of all he possessed on earth, but with his characteristic honesty and generosity, although without a dollar in his pocket, he freely gave his watch, a fine magic cased one, and his ring, a beautiful diamond, to Mr. Marple, landlord of the Capitol Hotel, as security for the board bill of the company. The sympathies of this entire community and the press are with these much wronged and deeply injured people, but particularly so for the "Doc," as he is known to be entirely innocent of any complicity in the shameful transactions, and has long been recognized as one of the most honorable, high-toned and accomplished showmen in the South. His wife, who accompanies him, is regarded as one of the most intelligent, amiable and beautiful little ladies to be met with. Great is the sympathy for these wronged people by our citizens. I learn that the ladies of our city are calling *en masse* on Mrs. Dr. Chambers, and express the utmost sympathy for her condition."

Amateur.

THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia performed for their benefit, on the 6th inst., "London Assurance." Sir Harcourt Courtly, Mr. J. Appleby; Harkaway, Mr. Blair; Charles Courtly, Mr. Gunnis; Dolly Spanker, Mr. Bennett; Lady Gay Spanker, Miss Beaufort; Grace, Miss Francenia; Pert, Miss Leanore. The "Volunteer Orchestra" will take a benefit on the 27th inst......The Boothenian Dramatic Association gave a performance of "The Lady of Lyons," on the 6th inst., the occasion being the night of Miss Loraine. "Othello" is underlined for this week......The Wheatley Dramatic Association played "Hamlet" on the 5th inst.

Miscellaneous.

SKAATS' STEREOPTICON was exhibiting in Ohio the past week.

THE FAKIR OF VISHNU commenced a four nights stay in Greenpoint, L. I., on the 5th inst.

THE APOCALYPSE was on exhibition in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 3d, 4th and 5th inst.

W. C. WEMYSS has lately added "Griffith Gaunt" to the list of play book publications.

THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR" (A. Miner Griswold) gave his humorous lecture, "Injin Meal," at Burlington, Iowa, Feb. 3d, to a crowded house.

OLE BULL, the renowned torturer of the bowels of cats with the capillaries of a horse's narrative, is traveling in Missouri.

A GOOD SIDE SHOW is advertised for sale in this week's CLIPPER by F. Dober.

PIKE'S MUSIC HALL, Cincinnati, O., having a seating capacity of two thousand, may be rented on application as per advertisement in the CLIPPER.

SHOW PRINTING AND JOB WORK generally can be procured at the *Journal* office, Dayton, O., of good quality, at reasonable rates and at short notice. For how to address see advertisement.

A PANORAMA OF IRELAND is advertised for sale in another column by J. Emmet Addy.

LOGRENIA, the conjurer, opened a five-nights' stay in Lancaster, Pa., on the 4th inst.

ATWATER HALL, Morris, Ill., with a seating capacity of eight hundred, and well appointed for dramatic and other displays, may be rented by addressing as per advertisement in the CLIPPER.

MACALLISTER commenced a four-nights' stay in Springfield, Ill., on the 5th inst.

THE SALE OF TICKETS for Dickens' readings at New Haven, Conn., says a correspondent, "gave great dissatisfaction, the earliest purchasers obtaining tickets for the most undesirable seats under the galleries, etc., the best seats being retained for speculation by Mr. D.'s agents. Many indignantly threw their tickets in the agent's face and cursed him roundly. So great was the indignation of the citizens at the bare-faced fraud that the Mayor and others forwarded a card for publication to the Hartford papers, that the people there might be put upon their guard against extortion. Chas. W. Edgar, a speculator, commenced the sale of tickets at $4 (double the advertised price of admission), when he was arrested by the order of the chairman of the license committee, and forced to disgorge $35 to secure his freedom. Charles will get into trouble down East if he attempts to take advantage of the Yankees."

FROST'S "Allegorical Tableau" held forth at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Feb. 7th and 8th.

DR HEBBARD, the medical showman, is lecturing on the "gizard and innards" at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., two nights every week.

SHARPLEY'S TROUPE of "Japs" perform in Elmira, N. Y., on the 12th and 13th inst.

LOGRENIA, the conjurer, held forth at Lancaster, Pa., on the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th inst.

J. BARLOW, cornet player, advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement with an orchestra or as a teacher of a brass band.

EDWARD P. KENDALL, the well known and efficient agent, having resigned his position as advance agent for Marshall and Doyle's "Japs," with whom he has been connected for the past six months, has a card of reference in another column voluntarily sent him by Messrs. Marshall and Doyle. It is not often a manager has a good word for an agent, more particularly after he has left; it must therefore be very gratifying to Mr. E. P. K. to have a letter like the one we refer to.

DICKENS did not meet with the usual success at his readings in Washington, the audience being neither very large or very enthusiastic.

SIG. BLITZ, in consequence of illness, was obliged to suspend entertainments in Philadelphia during the past week. The Signor is too old to perform in public.

SAM COLLYER, who has been an attractive card at Tony Pastor's, in this city, has organized a Combination Troupe, and is now pleasing the people of the suburbs of New York. His programme includes much fun and good music, which ought to draw a crowd. This week he shows at Harlem, Morrisania, Hoboken, Yonkers and Jersey City. For dates of performance, etc., see advertisement in another column.

PROF. LOGRENIA, magician, is billed for six nights at Harrisburg, Pa., commencing on the 10th inst. Prof. L. is under the management of C. P. Sherman.

MAGICAL APPARATUS of all sorts, sizes and kinds may be procured of the Lubin Brothers, as per advertisement.

THE CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS will give one entertainment at Lewisburg, Pa., on the 11th.

BANK HALL, Appleton, Wis., is now ready to rent for shows, lectures, etc. It has a seating capacity of three hundred. For how to address see advertisement.

THE PEAK AND BERGER FAMILY OF BELL RINGERS gave three performances in Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 31st and Feb. 1st. The entertainments, says a correspondent, "were all largely attended. The cornet and violin solos by Annie Berger were excellent and received a double *encore* each evening. This company gives an excellent entertainment and are worthy the patronage bestowed upon them."

ALF. BURNETT, the popular humorist, opens a short engagement at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, on the 17th inst.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

ASTLEY'S THEATRE, London, Eng., has been secured by a French circus company, which will shortly open. The pantomime will be retained as a portion of the entertainment.

A YOUNG ACTRESS, at Marseilles, has had a narrow escape from assassination. She was alone in her chamber when she heard a knock. Opening the door, she saw a stranger, who asked why she had not replied to two letters he had addressed to her. Denying all knowledge of him or his business, she attempted to close the door, when he pushed it violently open and stabbed her twice with a knife, and then made his escape. He was altogether unknown to the actress, who is in a fair way of recovery.

THE OPERA OF HAMLET.—The first representation of this new opera of M. Ambroise Thomas will take place at the Opera, Paris, between the 15th and 20th of February. The first grand rehearsal was on Jan. 18th last. A remarkable innovation will be produced in this piece. Between the second and third acts, after a grand finale, the curtain will descend, and the act will terminate with a symphony performed by the orchestra. Mdlle. Nilsson's great scene of madness, as Ophelia, will be introduced into the ballet. The last act will be the grave scene, and will last a quarter of an hour only.

THE MENKEN, having postponed her departure for America, commenced a brief engagement at Astley's Theatre, London, Eng., Jan. 27th, opening in "Black Eyed Susan." On the 30th, she was to appear for the first time in England in the "French Spy."

MRS. MARY VINING, widow of Wm. Vining, died in London, Eng., Jan. 20th. Mrs. Vining was a daughter of the famous Tony Johannot, the Liston of Astley's and the Surrey at the beginning of the present century. He gained no small portion of his fame by the comic song of "The Beadle of the Parish" which he rendered with such humor as to often obtain three *encores* of an evening. Little Miss Johannot was, at six years of age, enrolled in the *ballet*, and finally going as a *danseuse* to Drury Lane, attracted marked attention by a *pas seul* in the romance of "Illusion." She was afterwards engaged three years at nine pounds a week at Drury Lane, London, and she there made her *debut* as Henriette in "The Farm of Senerge," Feb. 23d, 1821. Shortly before this period she had married Mr. W. Vining. In the Easter spectacle, for some years, she was the principal feature. In "Cherry and Fair Star" she played Cherry to the Fair Star of Miss Foote, afterwards Countess of Harrington, and her Peter Wilkins, in the romantic drama of that name, was a singularly clever performance.

THE RING STOCK AND PARAPHERNALIA of the American Circus in London, Eng., is advertised for sale. The reason given by Mr. Bidwell for the closing of his European tour and selling out is, ill health.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS were at last accounts in Marseilles, giving *seances*.

FRANK DREW opened an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, Ireland, on Jan. 20th in "Rory O'Moore," and the burlesque of "Mazeppa."

VESTVALI has made a decided hit ever since her arrival in England. She played a brilliant engagement in London and afterwards in Liverpool. In the latter city she achieved a great success in "Gemea" at the Royal Amphitheatre, being called before the curtain seven times in one evening. At last advices she was preparing for an early appearance there as Lady Macbeth supported by Barry Sullivan as Macbeth. On the 10th of this month she opens in "Hamlet" in Manchester, and appears during her engagement there as Romeo. After having terminated her engagements in England she goes to Paris and Germany, after which she returns to America.

CHARLES KEAN died at Queensborough Terrace, London, on the 22d of January, instead of the 23d, as stated by the cable.

ENDANGERING THE LIFE OF A CLOWN.—Thomas Purse and Henry Brown, scene shifters at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, Eng., were charged in the police court with intent of doing bodily harm to Mr. Hudspeth, who was playing clown in a pantomime. The facts, as made plain by the evidence, were these:—On the evening of the 24th of December the defendants, who were appointed to stand behind one of the scenes for the purpose of catching Mr. Hudspeth as he leaps through a window, made up their minds to desert their posts. It appears there was a conspiracy amongst certain persons engaged there to oppose the performance of this service, on the ground that Mr. Hudspeth had not "shelled out" what is known as catch-money for drink, as was desired. One of the defendants (Brown) was set aside, and the case of Purse only was taken, the latter admitting that he had been prompted by some of the carpenters to return a shilling which Mr. Hudspeth had given, although 10s. had been promised for the benefit night. The clown had told the men that Mr. Holt paid them for their services, which ought to be sufficient, ... then appeared to Mr. Hudspeth in the course of the day that he had better keep his weather eye open, or he would meet with an accident, on account of which watch and ward were kept by Mr. Holt on the occasion of the fifth catch, which went off without accident; but on his being absent the second time the men left their places, and had it not been for Mr. Garden and Mr. Holt, jun., who ran to the rescue, the merry countenance of the clown would have suffered a transformation that all the Fairy Queens in Pantomimes could not have reversed—in other words, he would, in taking what is known as the "lion's leap," have pitched his head against a back wall, after jumping a distance of five feet, and probably have fallen down a trap of ten or twelve feet in depth. A long dispute followed, in which Mr. Robson contended that the men were not handicraftsmen as implied in the Master and Servants' Act, which was passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when players were looked upon as rogues and vagabonds, and were not deemed to be laborers or artisans. He argued that these men were employed to attend upon and to assist the performers, and although they did not appear at the front of the curtain, their labor being essential to the completeness of the pantomime, they were performers and not handicraftsmen, the latter of which he interpreted to mean one who constructed or produced any article. Mr. Bell, on the other hand, argued that, as the men were employed to work the machinery of the theatre, and to be at the bidding of the manager within given hours, for which they were paid a weekly salary, and as they were engaged by the chief carpenter, and worked in conjunction with him, they were "employed in manual labor," and such was Walker's definition of a handicraftsman. They were, therefore, amenable to the law. A long discussion ensued as to whether Mr. Holt was not bound to prove that he had suffered some pecuniary damage before he could prosecute against one of his servants; but the bench concurred with Mr. Bell, who argued that the law provided for breaches of contract apart from those where pecuniary loss was sustained, which was proved by the additional words in section 14 of the act in question. The magistrates informed Mr. Bell that, as he had not produced the head carpenter, who had made the contract with the defendant, they were bound to accept the statement of the latter, which was to the effect that he was engaged to shift scenes and *nothing else*. Had that contract been proved it is exceedingly probable that the defendant would have been sent to prison without the option of paying a fine. This is a most singular decision. It is difficult for ordinary people to credit the existence of a cowardly villain who would peril the life of a fellow-creature in deliberate revenge for the withholding of a paltry fee. Mr Hudspeth was mercifully preserved from a fate awful to contemplate.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager..........WM. WHEATLEY

The curtain rises precisely at 7:30, and the entire Performance terminates at 10:50 o'clock.

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS.

HOUSES COMPLETELY CROWDED.

Monday, Feb. 10, 1868, will be presented an entirely new Fairy Spectacular Extravaganza, in prologue and four acts, by James Mortimer, entitled THE WHITE FAWN, in which will appear Jarrett & Palmer's celebrated PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE.

The piece produced with everything new, and after a preparation of many months, at a cost of

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Magnificent scenery, costumes and appointments, increased orchestra and full chorus.

THE GRAND BALLET, sustained by Miles. Marie Bonfanti, Louisa Billion, A. Sohlke, M. Van Hamme, &c.

Act 4.—Revealing the Bright Realms of the Dragonfly, Marston, an Enchanting Scene of Gorgeous Splendor, Unapproachable in Exquisite Beauty and Fascination.

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MONDAY AND EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK, the highly-sensational and successful Local Drama of

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK,

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Miss IRENE WORRELL as Lucy Fairweather, together with the entire strength of the company in the cast.

New Appointments, Scenery, Music, &c.

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MATINEE ON SATURDAY at 2.

OLYMPIC THEATRE. Begins at 8.

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Last nights of FANCHON, in which peerless

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,

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LAST NIGHTS OF FANCHON.

Wednesday, February 12, first night of the charming companion-piece to Fanchon,

THE LITTLE BAREFOOT.

With a remarkable cast.

AMRY (Little Barefoot)..........Miss MAGGIE MITCHELL

JIMMY..........Mr. GEORGE L. FOX

WILLIAM PEACE..........Mr. J. W. COLLIER

LITTLE BAREFOOT MATINEE SATURDAY.

In preparation, Mr. FOX'S NEW PANTOMIME.

472 BUTLER'S AMERICAN THEATRE.

Broadway, between Grand and Broome streets.

Lessee and Manager..........R. W. BUTLER

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

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MORE ATTRACTION THAN EVER OFFERED.

THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

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Doors Open at 6. Curtain Rises at 7¾

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The new comic drama, full of Fun and Humor,

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IN NEW FEATS OF GRACE AND DARING.

The last new sensation a brilliant success,

LE CANCAN,

LE CANCAN,

LE CANCAN,

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New Songs, New Dances, A New Bill.

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LOTTA, LOTTA, LOTTA, LOTTA, LOTTA, LOTTA,

THE QUEEN OF YOUTH AND BEAUTY,

AND MOST VERSATILE ACTRESS OF HER DAY,

AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF THE RENOWNED

LOTTA,

AND LAST WEEK OF JOHN BROUGHAM'S

LITTLE NELL AND THE MARCHIONESS.

LOTTA AS LITTLE NELL.

LOTTA AS THE MARCHIONESS.

LOTTA IN HER CHARACTER SONGS.

LOTTA IN HER OPERATIC SCENES.

LOTTA IN HER CLOG DANCE.

LOTTA IN BANJO SOLO.

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KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS, 720 Broadway.

The Greatest Excitement of the Season.

DENSELY CROWDED BY LADIES EVERY NIGHT, who rapturously encore everything in the programme.

LEON greeted with CHEER upon CHEER. Le Sabre. Le Sabre. Le Sabre.

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Le Sabre. Le Sabre. Le Sabre. LEON received with BRAVOS and HURRAS.

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THE GRAND DUTCH "S" — A HIT A HIT A HIT — THE GRAND DUTCH "S"

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The Scenery, Cancan. The Costumes, Cancan. The Properties, Cancan. Machinery and Music, Entirely New. Cancan. Cancan. Cancan. Greatest Burlesque ever Produced. A Great Triumph.

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Miss Lizzie Phillips and Mr. Gus Clark, Vocalists.

A Lady [illegible] comic singer [illegible]

AMUSEMENTS.

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SAM COLLYER

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MASTER STEVIE ROGERS,

assisted by a full corps of

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTES

and a

FULL AND EFFICIENT ORCHESTRA,

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SMITH & PRESTON..........PROPRIETORS

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ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY,
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HANLON TRANSATLANTIC COMBINATION,
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The Champion Swimmer of the World, HARRY GURR, who eats, drinks and smokes while submersed under water.
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Matinee every Wednesday and Saturday at 2½ o'clock. 42-tf

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OPEN THE YEAR ROUND. NO CLOSING FOR REPAIRS.
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FOURTH ANNUAL TOUR.
The company consists of 24 FIRST CLASS ARTISTS, Together with a full Silver Cornet Band, under the leadership of Prof. Stubblebine. The orchestra under the leadership of Prof. J. F. Zimmerman, making the greatest combination of dramatic and musical talent now traveling.
The following well known artists make up this popular company; Miss Virginia Howard, Mrs. S. A. Baker, Miss Dollie Pike, Miss Flora Stevens, Little Katie Baker, Miss Anna Montford, Mr. J. F. Sherry, Mr J. D. Germon, Mr. Harry Hawk, Mr. W. J Ferguson, Mr T Ramey, Mr. J. H. Mulligan, Mr. F. Montford, Mr. D. H. Stubblebine, Mr. J. F. Zimmerman, Mr. O. M. Horton, Mr. W. A. Oughton, Mr. J. Hartney, Mr. G. W. Ellington, Mr. H. H. Redmond, Mr. W. E. Stevenson, Mr. J. H. Blakeney, Mr. D. Clemmens and D. Ashley.
The above great company opened the new hall just finished in Dunkirk, on Monday, Feb. 3d, for two weeks; open Farrar Hall, Erie, on the 17th, for two weeks; Titusville, March 2, one week.
All communications relative to business, &c., to be directed as above, to 45 1t* J. F. SHERRY.

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Price 15 cents each. Drunkard's Doom, Meg's Diversion, Chimney Corner, Caste, £100,000, Nobody's Child, Bull in a China Shop, Maud's Peril, Dancetion's Dodges, My Turn Next, A Slice of Luck, Phantom Breakfast, I've Written to Brown, Smashington Golf, Lending a Hand, Sarah's Young Man, Done on Both Sides, Another Glass, William Tell (Burlesque), Henry Dunbar, No Thoroughfare, Toat Rascal Pat, Don Fadoy De Basan. SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO MAIL ORDERS.
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Sole Lessee and Manager.....MR. L. DEAGLE
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FIRST CLASS STARS
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THE CELEBRATED BURLESQUE ACTRESS,
will arrive in New York in August or September. Applications for engagements to be made to
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JOHN LOWLOW,
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Can be engaged by responsible managers for the coming TENTING SEASON
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A good first class BRASS AND STRING BAND that has had several years experience with a Traveling Circus, is desirous of obtaining a situation for the coming season to travel with some good company. Best of references given. Address
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WANTED TO HIRE OR PURCHASE---A Collection of curiosities suitable to start a Museum in a Western city.
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A BRASS AND STRING BAND of Eight Men, who also do Minstrel business, wants an engagement for 1868.
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WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
THE ALHAMBRA PALACE OF AMERICA.
S. FOX.....Proprietor and Manager.
THE BEST STANDARD VARIETY COMPANY IN AMERICA.
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STAGE, SCENERY, DRESSING ROOMS, ETC.,
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